

THE
TRAGEDY
OF THE
Lady *JANE GRAY.*

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL
in *Drury-Lane.*

By N. ROWE Esq;

*Sed frustra Leges & inania Jura tuenti
Scire mori Sors optima.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the Cross-Keys
between the Temple-Gates in Fleetstreet. 1715.

THE
EAGLE

OF THE

DAY

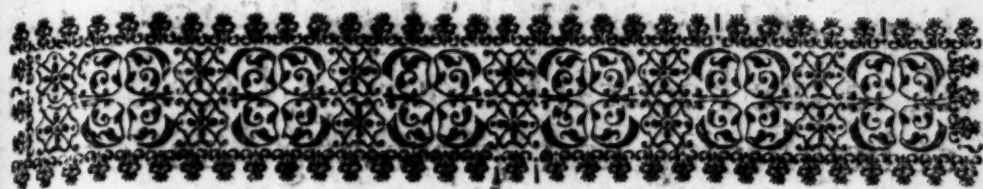
Added at the Press of the Royal
in 1794

By M. Rowe Esq.

and printed by J. G. Smith
at the Press of the Royal

LONDON

Printed for BARNARD LINCOLN at the Court-King
between the Temple-Gate in the Strand 1794



T O

Her Royal Highness

T H E

PRINCESS of WALES.

M A D A M,



Princess of the same Royal Blood
to which you are so closely and
so happily ally'd, presumes to
throw her self at the Feet of YOUR
ROYAL HIGHNESS for Protection.
The Character of that Excellent Lady,
as it is deliver'd down to us in History,

A 2

is

is very near the same with the Picture I have endeavour'd to draw of her: And if, in the Poetical Colouring, I have aim'd at heightning and improving some of the Features, it was only to make her more worthy of those Illustrious Hands to which I always intended to present her.

As the *British* Nation, in general, is infinitely indebted to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, so every particular Person amongst us ought to contribute, according to their several Capacitys and Abilitys, towards the discharging that Publick Obligation.

We are your Debtors, MADAM, for the Preference You gave us, in chusing to wear the *British* rather than the *Imperial* Crown; for giving the Best Daughter to our KING, and the Best Wife to our PRINCE. It is to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS we owe the Security that
shall

DEDICATION.

V

shall be deliver'd down to our Childrens Children, by a most Hopeful and Beautiful, as well as a Numerous Royal Issue. These are the Bonds of our Civil Duty: but YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has bind us under others yet more Sacred and Engaging; I mean, those of Religion. You are not only the Brightest Ornament, but the Patroness and Defender of our holy Faith.

Nor is it *Britain* alone, but the World, at the present and all succeeding Ages, who shall bless Your Royal Name for the greatest Example that can be given of a Disinterested Piety and Unshaken Constancy.

This is what we may certainly reckon amongst the Benefits YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has confer'd upon us. Tho' at the same time, how partial soever we may be to our selves, we ought not to believe

lieve You declin'd the First Crown of *Europe* in regard to *Britain* only. No
MADAM, it is in Justice to YOUR
ROYAL HIGHNESS that we must confess, you had more excellent Motives for so great an Action as that was. Since You did it, in Obedience to the Dictates of Reason and Conscience, for the Sake of True Religion, and for the Honour of God. All things that are Great have been offer'd to You, and all things that are Good and Happy, as well in this World as a Better, shall become the Reward of such Exalted Virtue and Piety. The Blessings of our Nation, the Prayers of our Church, with the faithful Service of all good Men, shall wait upon YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS as long as You live. And whenever, for the Punishment of this Land, You shall be taken from us, your Sacred Name shall be dear to Remembrance, and Almighty God, who alone is able, shall bestow upon you the Fulness of Recompence.

Amongst

DEDICATION.

vii

Amongst the several Offerings of Duty which are made to You here, be graciously pleas'd to accept of this Unworthy Trifle; which is, with the greatest Respect and lowest Submission, presented to
YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, by,

M A D A M,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient,

Most Devoted, and

Most Faithful

Humble Servant,

N. ROWE

MOLT VIII

TO THE SEVERAL OFFICERS OF DUBLIN

P R E F A C E

TH O I have very little Inclination to write Prefaces before Works of this nature, yet, upon this particular Occasion, I cannot but think my self oblig'd to give some short Account of this Play, as well as justice to my self, as to a very Learned and Ingenious Gentleman, my Friend, who is dead. The Person I mean was Mr. Smith of Christ-Church, Oxon: one whose Character I could with great pleasure enter into, if it was not already very well known to the World. As I had the Happiness to be intimately acquainted with him, he often told me that he design'd writing a Tragedy upon the Story of the Lady Jane Gray; and if he had liv'd, I should never have thought of meddling with it my self. But as he dy'd without doing so in the beginning of the last Summer, I resolv'd to undertake it. And indeed the hopes I had of receiving some considerable Assistances from the Papers he left behind him, were one of the principal Motives that induc'd me to go about it. These Papers were in the hands of Mr. Duckett, to whom my Friend Mr. Tho. Burnett was so kind to write and procure 'em for me. The least Return I can make to those Gentlemen is this publick Acknowledgment of their great Civility on the occasion

The PREFACE.

ix

occasion. I must confess, before those Papers came to my hands, I had intirely form'd the Design or Fable of my own Play: And when I came to look 'em over, I found it was very different from that which Mr. Smith intended; the Plan of his being drawn after that, which is in Print, of Mr. Banks: at least I thought so, by what I could pick out of his Papers. To say the truth, I was a good deal surpriz'd and disappointed at the sight of 'em. I hop'd to have met with great part of the Play written to my hand, or at least the whole Design regularly drawn out. Instead of that, I found the quantity of about two Quires of Paper written over odd pieces, blotted, interlin'd and confus'd. What was contain'd in 'em in general, was loose Hints of Sentiments, and short obscure Sketches of Scenes. But how they were to be apply'd, or in what order they were to be rang'd, I could not by any Diligence of mine (and I look'd 'em very carefully over more than once) come to understand. One scene there was, and one only, that seem'd pretty near perfect; in which Lord Guilford singly persuades the Lady to take the Crown. From that I borrow'd all that I could, and inserted it in my own third Act. But indeed the Manner and Turn of his Fable was so different from mine, that I could not take above five and twenty or thirty Lines at the most; and even in those I was oblig'd to make some Alteration. I should have been very glad to have come into a Partnership of Reputation with so fine a Writer as Mr. Smith; but in truth his Hints were so short and dark (many of 'em mark'd ev'n in Short-Hand) that they were of little use or service to me. They might have serv'd as Indexes to my own Memory, and he might have form'd a Play out of 'em;

THE PREFACE.

being, but I dare say, no body else could. In one Part of the Design he seem'd to differ from Mr. Banks, whose Tale was generally design'd to follow; since I observ'd in many of those short Sketches of Scenes he had introduc'd Queen Mary. He seem'd to intend her Character Pious and inclining to Mercy, but urg'd on to Cruelty by the Rage and bloody Dispositions of Bonner and Gardiner. This Hint I had likewise taken from the late Bishop of Salisbury's History of the Reformation; who lays, and I believe very justly, the horrible Cruelties that were acted at that time, rather to the charge of that Persecuting Spirit by which the Clergy were then animated, than to the Queen's own natural Disposition.

Many People believ'd, or at least said, that Mr. Strickland left a Play very near entire behind him. All that I am sorry for, is, that it was not so in fact: I should have made no scruple of taking three, four, or even the whole five Acts from him; but then I hope I should have had the Honour to let the World know they were his, and not take another Man's Reputation to my self.

This is what I thought necessary to say, as well on my own account, as in regard to the Memory of my Friend.

For the Play, such as it is, I leave it to prosper or can: I have resolv'd never to trouble the World with publick Apologies for my Writings of this kind, as much as I have been provok'd to it. I shall turn this my young Child out into the World, with no other Provision than saying which I remember to have seen before one Mrs. Behn's.

Val mon Enfant prend sa Fortune.

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by MR. BOOTH

TO-night the Noblest Subject swells our Scene,
A Heroine, a Martyr, and a Queen.
And tho the Poet dares not boast his Art,
The very Theme shall something Great impart,
To warm the generous Soul, and touch the tender Heart.
To you, Fair Judges, we the Cause submit;
Your Eyes shall tell us how the Tale is writ.
If your soft Pity waits upon our Woe,
If silent Tears for suffering Virtue flow;
Your Grief the Muse's Labour shall confess,
The lively Passions, and the just Distress.
Oh could our Author's Pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in Life, the Beautiful Saint;
Boldly your strict Attention might we claim,
And bid you mark, and copy out the Dame.
No wandering Glance one wanton Thought confess'd,
No guilty Wish inflam'd her spotless Breast:
The only Love that warm'd her blooming Youth,
Was, Husband, England, Liberty, and Truth.
For these she fell; while, with too weak a Hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful Land.
But thus the secret Laws of Fate ordain'd,
WILLIAM's Great Hand was doom'd to break that Chain,
And end the Hopes of Rome's Tyrannick Reign.
For ever, as the circling Tears return,
Ye grateful Britons! crown the Hero's Urn.
To his just Care you ev'ry Blessing owe,
Which, or his own, or following Reigns bestow.
Tho his hard Fate a Father's Name deny'd,
To you a Father, he that Loss supply'd:
Then while you view the Royal Lines increase,
And count the Pledges of your future Peace;
From this great Stock while still new Glories come,
Conquest abroad, and Liberty at home;
While you behold the Beautiful and Brave,
Bright Princesses to grace you, Kings to save,
Enjoy the Gift, but bless the Hand that gave.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Duke of Northumberland,	Mr. Mills.
Duke of Suffolk,	Mr. Boman.
Lord Guilford Dudley,	Mr. Booth.
Earl of Pembroke,	Mr. Elrington.
Earl of Sussex,	Mr. Ryan.
Gardiner Bishop of Winchester,	Mr. Cibber.
Sir John Gates,	Mr. Shepherd.
Lieutenant of the Tower,	Mr. Quin.
Captain of the Guard,	Mr. Maddocks.

W O M E N.

Duchess of Suffolk,	Mrs. Porter.
Lady Jane Gray,	Mrs. Oldfield.

Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards, Women,
and Attendants.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, *The Court.*

*Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, Duke of
SUFFOLK, and Sir JOHN GATES.*

North. 'TIS all in vain, Heaven has requir'd its Pledge,
And he must die.

Suff. Is there an honest Heart,
That loves our *England*, does not mourn for *Edward*?
The Genius of our Isle is shook with Sorrow,
He bows his venerable Head with Pain,
And labours with the Sickneſs of his Lord.
Religion melts in ev'ry holy Eye,
All comfortleſs, afflicted and forlorn
She ſits on Earth, and weeps upon her Croſs:
Weary of Man, and his deteſted Ways,
Ev'n now ſhe ſeems to meditate her Flight,
And waſt her Angel to the Thrones above.

North. Ay, there, my Lord, you touch our heaviest Loſs.
With him our holy Faith is doom'd to ſuffer;
With him our Church ſhall vail her ſacred Front,
That late from Heaps of *Gothick* Ruins roſe,
In her firſt native ſimple Majeſty;
The Toil of Saints, and Price of Martyr's Blood

B

Shall

The Tragedy of the

Shall fail with *Edward*; and again *Old Rome*
 Shall spread her Banners, and her Monkish Host;
 Pride, Ignorance, and Rapine shall return;
 Blind bloody Zeal, and cruel Priestly Power
 Shall scourge the Land for ten dark Ages more.

Sir J. Gates. Is there no Help in all the healing Art,
 No potent Juice or Drug to save a Life
 So precious, and prevent a Nation's Fate?

North. What has been left untry'd that Art could do?
 The hoary wrinkled Leach has watch'd and toil'd,
 Try'd ev'ry Health-restoring Herb and Gum,
 And weary'd out his painful Skill in vain.
 Close, like a Dragon folded in his Den,
 Some secret Venom preys upon his Heart.
 A stubborn and unconquerable Flame
 Creeps in his Veins, and drinks the Streams of Life:
 His youthful Sinews are unstrung, cold Sweats
 And deadly Paleness sit upon his Visage,
 And ev'ry Gasp we look shall be his last. (Faction

Sir J. Gates. Doubt not, your Graces, but the Popish
 Will at this Juncture urge their utmost Force.
 All, on the Princess *Mary*, turn their Eyes,
 Well hoping she shall build again their Altars,
 And bring their Idol-Worship back in Triumph.

North. Good Heaven ordain some better Fate for *England*!

Suff. What better can we hope, if she should Reign?
 I know her well, a blinded Zealot she,
 A gloomy Nature, fullen and severe,
 Nurtur'd by proud presuming Romish Priests,
 Taught to believe they only cannot err,
 Because they cannot err; bred up in Scorn
 Of Reason, and the whole Lay World; Instructed
 To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach,
 To purge the World from Heresy by Blood,
 To massacre a Nation, and believe it

Lady JANE GRAY.

3

An Act well pleasing to the Lord of Mercy.
These are thy Gods, Oh *Rome!* and this thy Faith.

North. And shall we tamely yield our selves to Bondage?
Bow down before these holy Purple Tyrants,
And bid 'em tread upon our slavish Necks?
No, let this faithful free-born English Hand
First dig my Grave in Liberty and Honour.
And tho' I found but one more thus resolv'd,
That honest Man and I wou'd die together.

Suff. Doubt not, there are ten Thousand, and ten Thousand,
To own a Cause so just.

Sir J. Gates. The List I gave
Into your Grace's Hand last Night, declares
My Power and Friends at full.

[*to Northumb.*

North. Be it your Care,
Good Sir *John Gates*, to see your Friends appointed,
And ready for the Occasion. Haste this Instant,
Loose not a Moment's time.

Sir J. Gates. I go, my Lord.

[*Exit Sir J. Gates.*

North. Your Grace's Princely Daughter, Lady *JANE*,
Is she yet come to Court?

Suff. Not yet arriv'd:

But with the soonest I expect her here.

I know her Duty to the dying King,

Join'd with my strict Commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the Wing.

North. Beseech your Grace,

To speed another Messenger to press her;
For on her happy Presence all our Counsels
Depend, and take their Fate.

Suff. Upon the Instant

Your Grace shall be obey'd. I go to summon her.

[*Exit Suff.*

North. What trivial Influences hold Dominion
Over wise Mens Counsels, and the Fate of Empire?

B 2

The

The greatest Schemes that human Wit can forge,
 Or bold Ambition dares to put in practice,
 Depend upon our husbanding a Moment,
 And the light lasting of a Woman's Will.
 As if the Lord of Nature shou'd delight
 To hang this ponderous Globe upon a Hair,
 And bid it dance before a Breath of Wind.
 She must be here, and lodg'd in *Guilford's* Arms,
 E'er *Edward* dies, or all we've done is marr'd.
 Ha! *Pembroke*! that's a Bar which thwarts my Way;
 His fiery Temper brooks not Opposition,
 And must be met with soft and supple Arts;
 With crouching Courtesy, and honey'd Words,
 Such as assuage the Fierce, and bend the Strong.

Enter the Earl of Pembroke.

Good morrow, Noble *Pembroke*, we have stay'd
 The Meeting of the Council for your Presence.

Pem. For mine, my Lord! you mock your Servant, sure
 To say that I am wanted, where your self,
 The Great *Alcides* of our State is present.
 Whatever Dangers menace Prince or People,
 Our Great *Northumberland* is arm'd to meet 'em;
 The ablest Head, and firmest Heart you bear,
 Nor need a second in the glorious Task;
 Equal your self to all the Toils of Empire.

North. No, as I honour Virtue: I have try'd,
 And know my Strength too well; nor can the Voice
 Of friendly Flattery, like your's, deceive me.
 I know my Temper liable to Passions,
 And all the Frailties common to our Nature;
 Blind to Events, too easy of Perswasion,
 And often, too too often have I err'd.
 Much therefore have I need of some good Man,
 Some wise and honest Heart, whose friendly Aid

Migh

Lady JANE GRAY.

5

ight guide my treading thro' our present Dangers.
nd by the Honour of my Name I swear,
know not one of all our *English* Peers,
Whom I would choose for that best Friend; like *Pembroke*.

Pem. What shall I answer to a Trust so noble,
his Prodigality of Praise and Honour?
ere not your Grace too Generous of Soul,
o speak a Language differing from your Heart,
ow might I think you could not mean this Goodness,
o one whom his Ill-Fortune has ordain'd.
he Rival of your Son.

North. No more ! I scorn a Thought
o much below the Dignity of Virtue.
is true I look on *Guilford* like a Father,
can to his Side and see but half his Failings :
ut on a Point like this, when equal Merit
ands forth to make its bold Appeal to Honour;
nd calls to have the Ballance held in Justice;
way with all the Fondnesses of Nature !
Judge of *Pembroke* and my Son alike.

Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your Service.

North. The Realm is now at Hazard : and bold Factions
hreaten Change, Tumult and disastrous Days.
hese Fears drive out the gentler Thoughts of Joy,
Courtship and of Love. Grant Heaven the State
o fix in Peace and Safety once again;
hen speak your Passion to the Princely Maid,
nd fair Success attend you. For my self,
y Voice shall go as far for you, my Lord,
s for my Son, and Beauty be the Umpire.
ut now a heavier Matter calls upon us,
he King with Life just Lab'ring; and I fear,
he Council grow impatient at our Stay.

Pem. One Moments Pause, and I attend your Grace.

[Exit *North*.
Old

Old *Winchester* cries to me oft, beware
 Of Proud *Northumberland*. The Testy Prelate,
 Froward with Age, with disappointed Hopes,
 And zealous for old *Rome*, rails on the Duke,
 Suspecting him to favour the New Teachers.
 Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs.
 But were it so, what are these Clergy Quarrels,
 These wordy Wars of proud ill-manner'd Schoolmen
 To us and our Lay-Interests? Let 'em rail
 And worry one another at their Pleasure.
 This Duke of late by many worthy Offices
 Has sought my Friendship. And yet more,——his Son,
 The noblest Youth our *England* has to boast of,
 The gentlest Nature and the bravest Spirit,
 Has made me long the Partner of his Breast.
 Nay when he found in Spite of the Resistance
 My struggling Heart had made, to do him Justice,
 That I was grown his Rival; he strove hard,
 And would not turn me forth from out his Bosom,
 But call'd me still his Friend. And see! he comes.

Enter Lord GUILFORD.

Oh! *Guilford* just as thou wer't entring here,
 My Thought was running all thy Virtues over,
 And wond'ring how thy Soul could choose a Partner,
 So much unlike it self.

Guil. How cou'd my Tongue
 Take Pleasure and be lavish in thy Praise!
 How cou'd I speak thy Nobleness of Nature,
 Thy open manly Heart, thy Courage, Constancy,
 And inborn Truth unknowing to dissemble!
 Thou art the Man in whom my Soul delights,
 In whom next Heaven I trust.

Pem. Oh! generous Youth!
 What can a Heart stubborn and fierce like mine,

Lady JANE GRAY.

7

turn to all thy Sweetness?— Yet I would
ould be grateful,— Oh my Cruel Fortune!
d I had never seen her! never cast
Eyes on *Suffolk's* Daughter.

Guil. So wou'd I;

e 'twas my Fate to see and love her first.

Em. Oh why should she, that Universal Goodness,
Light a common Blessing to the World,
like a Comet fatal to our Friendship,
threaten it with Ruin?

Guil. Heaven forbid!

tell me *Pembroke*, Is it not in Virtue,
arm against this proud imperious Passion?
Holy Friendship dwell so near to Envy,
could not bear to see another happy?
ind mistaking Chance and partial Beauty
ld join to favour *Guilford*.——

Em. Name it not,
fiery Spirits kindle at the Thought,
hurry me to Rage.

Guil. And yet I think,

ould not murmur were thy Lot to prosper,
mine to be refus'd. Tho' sure the Loss
d wound me to the Heart.

Em. Ha! could'st thou bear it?

yet perhaps thou might'st. Thy gentle Temper,
m'd with Passions mixt in due Proportion,
re no one overbears nor plays the Tyrant,
oin in Nature's Business, and thy Happiness:
e mine disdaining Reason and her Laws,
all thou can'st imagine wild and furious,
drive me head-long on, now whirl me back,
hurry my unstable flitting Soul
v'ry mad Extream. Then Pity me,
let my Weakness stand.——

En-

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Lords of Council
Wait with Impatience——

Pem. I attend their Pleasure.

[Exit *Mess.*]

This only, and no more then. Whatsoever
Fortune decrees, still let us call to Mind
Our Friendship and our Honour. And since Love
Condemns us to be Rivals for one Prize,
Let us contend as Friends and brave Men ought;
With Openness and Justice to each other.
That he who wins the Fair one to his Arms,
May take her as the Crown of great Desert:
And if the wretched Loser does repine,
His own Heart and the World may all condemn him.

[Exit *Pem.*]

Guil. How cross the Ways of Life lye! while we thin
We travel on direct in one high Road,
And have our Journey's End oppos'd in View,
A Thousand thwarting Paths break in-upon us,
To puzzle and perplex our wandring Steps.
Love, Friendship, Hatred, in their Turns mislead us,
As ev'ry Passion has its separate Interest.
Where is that piercing Foresight can unfold,
Where all this mazy Error will have end,
And tell the Doom reserv'd for me and *Pembroke*?
There is but one End certain, that is—— Death.
Yet ev'n that Certainty is still incertain.
For of these several Tracks which lye before us,
We know that one leads certainly to Death,
But know not which that one is. 'Tis in vain
This blind divining, let me think no more on't.
And see the Mistress of our Fate appears!

Lady JANE GRAY.

9

Enter Lady JANE GRAY. Attendants.

Hail Princely Maid ! who with auspicious Beauty,
Chear'st every drooping Heart in this sad Place ;
Who, like the Silver Regent of the Night,
Lift'st up thy sacred Beams upon the Land,
To bid the Gloom look gay, dispell our Horrors,
And make us less lament the setting Sun.

L. J. G. Yes, *Guilford*, well dost thou compare my Presence,
To the faint Comfort of the waining Moon ;
Like her cold Orb, a chearless Gleam I bring,
Silence and Heaviness of Heart, with Dews
To dress the Face of Nature all in Tears.
But say how fares the King ?

Guil. He lives as yet,
But ev'ry Moment cuts away a Hope,
Adds to our Fears, and gives the Infant Saint
A nearer Prospect of his opening Heaven.

L. J. Gray. Descend ye Quires of Angels to receive him,
Tune your melodious Harps to some high Strain,
And waft him upwards with a Song of Triumph ;
A purer Soul and one more like your selves,
Ne'er enter'd at the golden Gates of Bliss.

Oh Guilford ! what remains for wretched *England*,
When he our Guardian Angel shall forsake us ?
For whose dear Sake Heaven spar'd a guilty Land,
And scatter'd not its Plagues while *Edward* reign'd.

Guil. I own my Heart bleeds inward at the Thought,
And rising Horrors crowd the opening Scene.
And yet forgive me, thou my native Country,
Thou Land of Liberty, thou Nurse of Heroes,
Forgive me, if in Spight of all thy Dangers,
New Springs of Pleasure flow within my Bosom,
When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold those Eyes,
Thus gaze and wonder, how excelling Nature

C

Can

Can give each Day new Patterns of her Skill,
And yet at once surpass 'em.

L. J. Gray. Oh vain Flattery!

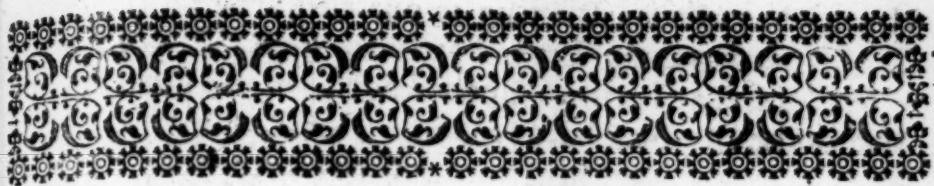
Harsh and ill sounding ever to my Ear,
But on a Day like this the Raven's Note,
Strikes on my Sense more sweetly. But no more,
I charge thee touch th' ungrateful Theme no more.
Lead me to pay my Duty to the King,
To wet his pale cold Hand with these last Tears,
And share the Blessings of his parting Breath.

Guil. Were I like dying *Edward*, sure a Touch,
Of this dear Hand, would kindle Life anew.
But I obey, I dread that gath'ring Frown,
And oh! when'er my Bosom swells with Passion,
And my full Heart is pain'd with ardent Love,
Allow me but to look on you and sigh,
'Tis all the humble Joy that *Guilford* asks.

L. J. G. Still wilt thou frame thy Speech to this vain Purpose
When the wan King of Terrors stalks before us,
When Universal Ruin gathers round,
And no Escape is left us? Are we not,
Like Wretches in a Storm, whom ev'ry Moment,
The greedy Deep is gaping to devour?
Around us see the pale despairing Crew,
Wring their sad Hands and give their Labour over;
The Hope of Life has ev'ry Heart forsook,
And Horror sits on each distracted Look,
One solemn Thought of Death does all employ,
And cancels like a Dream Delight and Joy,
One Sorrow streams from all their weeping Eyes,
And one consenting Voice for Mercy cries,
Trembling they dread just Heav'ns avenging Power,
Mourn their past Lives, and wait the fatal Hour.

[Exit

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene continues.

Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, and the Duke of SUFFOLK.

Nor. **Y**ET then bechear'd my Heart amidst thy Mourning,
Tho' Fate hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale Fear,
And wild Distraction sit on ev'ry Face,
Tho' never Day of Grief was known like this,
Let me rejoice, and bless the hallowed Light,
Whose Beams auspicious shine upon our Union,
And bid me call the Noble *Suffolk* Brother.

Suff. I know not what my secret Soul presages,
But something seems to whisper me within,
That we have been too hasty. For my self,
I wish this Matter had been yet delay'd;
That we had waited some more blessed Time,
Some better Day with happier Omens hallowed,
For Love to kindle up his holy Flame.
But you, my noble Brother, wou'd prevail,
And I have yielded to you.

North. Doubt not any Thing;
Nor hold the Hour unluckly. That good Heaven,
Who softens the Corrections of his Hand,
And mixes still a Comfort with Afflictions,

Has giv'n to Day a Blessing in our Children,
To wipe away our Tears for dying *Edward*.

Suff. In that I trust. Good Angels be our Guard,
And make my Fears prove vain. But see! my Wife!
With her your Son the generous *Guilford* comes,
She has inform'd him of our present Purpose.

Enter the Dutchess of Suffolk, and Lord Guilford.

L. Guil. How shall I speak the Fulness of my Heart?
What shall I say to bless you for this Goodness?
Oh! gracious Princess! but my Life is your's,
And all the Business of my Years to come,
Is to attend with humblest Duty on you,
And pay my vow'd Obedience at your Feet.

Dut. Suff. Yes, noble Youth, I share in all thy Joys,
In all the Joys which this sad Day can give.
The dear Delight I have to call thee Son;
Comes like a Cordial to my drooping Spirits;
It broods with gentle Warmth upon my Bosom,
And melts that Frost of Death which hung about me.
But hast! inform my Daughter of our Pleasure,
Let thy Tongue put on all it's pleasing Eloquence,
Instruct thy Love to speak of Comfort to her,
To sooth her Grievs and chear the mourning Maid.

North. All desolate and drown'd in flowing Tears,
By *Edward's* Bed the pious Princess sits.
Fast from her lifted Eyes the Pearly Drops,
Fall trickling o'er her Cheek, while Holy Ardor,
And fervent Zeal pour forth her lab'ring Soul;
And ev'ry Sigh is wing'd with Pray'rs so potent,
As strive with Heav'n to save her dying Lord.

Dut. Suff. From the first early Days of Infant Life,
A gentle Band of Friendship grew betwixt 'em.
And while our royal Uncle *Henry* reign'd,
As Brother and as Sister bred together,

neath one common Parent's Care they liv'd.
North. A wondrous Sympathy of Souls conspir'd,
 form the sacred Union. Lady JANE,
 all his royal Blood was still the dearest:
 ev'ry innocent Delight they shar'd,
 they sung and danc'd, and sat and walk'd together.
 y, in the graver Business of his Youth,
 when Books and Learning call'd him from his Sports,
 in there the princely Maid was his Companion.
 e left the shining Court to share his Toil,
 turn with him the grave Historians Page,
 d taste the Rapture of the Poet's Song;
 search the *Latin* and the *Grecian* Stores,
 d wonder at the mighty Minds of old.

Enter Lady JANE GRAY weeping.

J. Gray. Wo't thou not break my Heart!—

Suff. Alas! what mean'st thou?

Phil. Oh speak!

De. Suff. How fares the King?

North. Say! Is he dead?

J. Gray. The Saints and Angels have him.

De. Suff. When I left him

seem'd a little chear'd, just as you enter'd.—

J. Gray. As I approach'd to kneel and pay my Duty,

rais'd his feeble Eyes, and faintly smiling,

you then come? he cry'd. I only liv'd,

bid farewell to thee my gentle Cousin,

speak a few short Words to thee and dye.

that he prest my Hand, and Oh;—he said,

en I am gone do thou be good to *England*;

to that Faith in which we both were bred,

to the End be constant. More I wou'd,

cannot,——there his falt'ring Spirits fail'd,

turning ev'ry Thought from Earth at once,

To

To that blest Place where all his Hopes were fix'd,
 Earnest he pray'd,——Mercyful, great Defender!
 Preserve thy holy Altars undefil'd,
 Protect this Land from bloody Men and Idols,
 Save my poor People from the Yoak of *Rome*,
 And take thy painful Servant to thy Mercy.
 Then sinking on his Pillow with a Sigh,
 He breath'd his innocent and faithful Soul,
 Into his Hands who gave it.

Guil. Crowns of Glory,
 Such as the brightest Angels wear, be on him;
 Peace guard his Ashes here, and Paradise
 With all its endless Bliss be open to him.

North. Our Grief be on his Grave. Our present Duke
 Injoins to see his last Commands obey'd.
 I hold it fit his Death be not made known,
 To any but our Friends. To Morrow early
 The Council shall assemble at the Tower.
 Mean while, I beg your Grace would strait inform

[to *Dutchess* of Suffolk]

Your Princely Daughter of our Resolution.
 Our common Interest in that happy Tye,
 Demands our swiftest Care to see it finish'd.

D. S. My Lord, you have determin'd well. Lord *Guil.*
 Be it your Task to speak at large our Purpose.
 Daughter, receive this Lord as one whom I,
 Your Father and his own, ordain your Husband.
 What more concerns our Will and your Obedience,
 We leave you to receive from him at leisure.

[*Exeunt Duke and Dutchess of Suffolk*
and Duke of Northumberland]

Guil. Wo't thou not spare a Moment from thy Sorrow
 And bid these bubbling Streams forbear to flow?
 Wo't thou not give one interval to Joy,
 One little Pause while humbly I unfold

the happiest Tale my Tongue was ever blest with?

L. J. Gray. My Heart is cold within me, ev'ry Sense,
 dead to Joy, but I will hear thee, *Guilford*,
 y, I must hear thee, such is her Command,
 from early Duty taught me still t'obey.
 oh! forgive me if to all thy Story,
 no' Eloquence divine attend thy speaking,
 no' ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace do crown thee,
 give me if I cannot better answer,
 than weeping—thus—and thus——.

Guil. If I offend thee,
 let me be dumb for ever, let not Life,
 form these breathing Organs of my Voice,
 any Sound from me disturb thy Quiet.
 What is my Peace or Happiness to thine?
 oh, tho' our noble Parents had decreed,
 and urg'd high Reasons which import the State,
 this Night to give thee to my faithful Arms,
 my fairest Bride, my only earthly Bliss——

L. J. Gray. How *Guilford*? on this Night?

Guil. This happy Night.
 If thou art resolv'd to cross my Fate,
 this my utmost Wish shall give thee Pain,
 now rather let the Stroke of Death fall on me,
 and stretch me out a lifeless Coarse before thee,
 let me be swept away with Things forgotten,
 huddl'd up in some obscure blind Grave,
 rather thou should'st say my Love has made thee wretched,
 drop one single Tear for *Guilford's* Sake.

L. J. Gray. Alas! I have too much of Death already,
 and want not thine to furnish out new Horror.
 Oh! dreadful Thought! If thou wert dead indeed,
 what Hope were left me then! Yes I will own,
 'twere of the Blush that burns my Maiden Cheek,
 my Heart has fondly lean'd toward thee long:

Thy

Thy Sweetness, Virtue and unblemish'd Youth,
 Have won a Place for thee within my Bosom :
 And if my Eyes look coldly on thee now,
 And shun thy Love on this disastrous Day,
 It is because I would not deal so hardly,
 To give thee Sighs for all thy faithful Vows,
 And pay thy Tenderness with nought but Tears.
 And yet 'tis all I have.

Guil. I ask no more,
 Let me but call thee mine, confirm that Hope,
 To charm the Doubts which vex my anxious Soul,
 For all the rest, do thou allot it for me,
 And at thy Pleasure portion out my Blessings.
 My Eyes shall learn to smile or weep from thine,
 Nor will I think of Joy while thou art sad.
 Nay, could'st thou be so cruel to command it,
 I will forego a Bridegroom's sacred Right,
 And sleep far from thee, on the unwholesom Earth,
 Where Damps arise and whistling Winds blow loud.
 Then when the Day returns come drooping to thee,
 My Locks still drizzling with the Dews of Night,
 And cheer my Heart with thee as with the Morning.

L. J. G. Say, wo't thou consecrate the Night to Sorrow
 And give up ev'ry Sense to solemn Sadness ?
 Wo't thou in watching wast the tedious Hours,
 Sit silently and careful by my Side,
 List to the tolling Clocks, the Crickets Cry,
 And ev'ry melancholy Midnight Noise ?
 Say, wo't thou banish Pleasure and Delight,
 Wo't thou forget that ever we have lov'd,
 And only now and then let fall a Tear,
 To mourn for *Edward's* Loss and *England's* Fate ?

Guil. Unweary'd still I will attend thy Woes,
 And be a very faithful Partner to thee.

Near thee I will complain in Sighs as numberless,
As Murmurs breathing in the leafy Grove :
My Eyes shall mix their falling Drops with thine,
Constant, as never-ceasing Waters roll,
That purl and gurgle o'er their Sands for ever.
The Sun shall see my Grief thro' all his Course ;
And when Night comes, sad *Philomel* who plains,
From starry Vesper to the rosy Dawn,
Shall cease to tune her lamentable Song,
E'er I give o'er to weep and mourn with thee.

L. J. Gray. Here then I take thee to my Heart for ever,

[*Giving her Hand.*

The dear Companion of my future Days :
Whatever Providence allots for each,
Be that the common Portion of us both.
Share all the Grievs of thy unhappy JANE ;
But if good Heav'n have any Joy in Store,
Let that be all thy own.

Guil. Thou wondrous Goodness !
Heav'n gives too much at once in giving thee.
And by the common Course of Things below,
Where each Delight is temper'd with Affliction,
Some Evil terrible and unforeseen,
Must sure ensue, to poize the Scale against
This vast Profusion of exceeding Pleasure ;
But be it so, let it be Death and Ruin,
On any Terms I take thee.

L. J. Gray. Trust our Fate,
To Him whose gracious Wisdom guides our Ways,
And makes what we think Evil turn to Good.
Permit me now to leave thee and retire ;
I'll summon all my Reason and my Duty,
To sooth this Storm within, and frame my Heart,
To yield Obedience to my noble Parents.

Guil. Good Angels minister their Comforts to thee.

D

And

And Oh! If as my fond Belief would hope,
 If any Word of mine be gracious to thee,
 I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
 Those murd'rous Thoughts of Grief that kill thy Quiet;
 Restore thy gentle Bosom's native Peace,
 Lift up the Light of Gladness in thy Eyes,
 And cheer my Heaviness with one dear Smile.

L. J. Gray. Yes *Guilford*, I will study to forget
 All that the Royal *Edward* has been to me,
 How we have lov'd, ev'n from our very Cradles.
 My private Loss no longer will I mourn,
 But ev'ry tender Thought to thee shall turn.
 With Patience I'll submit to Heav'n's Decree,
 And what I lost in *Edward*, find in thee.
 But oh! when I revolve, what Ruins wait
 Our sinking Altars, and the falling State;
 When I consider what my native Land,
 Expected from her pious Sov'raign's Hand,
 How form'd he was to save her from Distress,
 A King to govern, and a Saint to bless:
 New Sorrow to my lab'ring Breast succeeds,
 And my whole Heart for wretched *England* bleeds.

[Exit Lady JANE GRAY]

Guil. My Heart sinks in me at her soft complaining,
 And ev'ry moving Accent that she breaths,
 Resolves my Courage, slackens my tough Nerves,
 And melts me down to Infancy and Tears.
 My Fancy palls, and takes Distast at Pleasure;
 My Soul grows out of Tune, it loaths the World,
 Sickens at all the Noise and Folly of it;
 And I could sit me down in some dull Shade,
 Where lonely Contemplation keeps her Cave,
 And dwells with hoary Hermits; there forget my self,
 There fix my stupid Eyes upon the Earth,
 And muse away an Age in deepest Melancholy.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Edward is dead : so said the great Northumberland,
As now he shot along by me in Haft.
He press'd my Hand, and in a Whisper beg'd me,
To guard the Secret carefully as Life,
Till some few Hours shou'd pass ; for much hung on it.
Much may indeed hang on it. See my Guilford !
My Friend !

[Speaking to him.

Guil. Ha ! *Pembroke !*

[Starting.

Pem. Wherefore dost thou start ?
Why sits that wild Disorder on thy Visage,
Somewhat that looks like Passions strange to thee,
The Paleness of Surprize, and gasty Fear ?
Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee Friend,
I never saw thee so unlike thy self,
So chang'd upon the sudden.

Guil. How ! so chang'd !

Pem. So to my Eye thou seem'st.

Guil. The King is dead.

Pem. I learn'd it from thy Father,
Just as I enter'd here. But say, cou'd that,
A Fate which ev'ry Moment we expected,
Distract thy Thought, or shock thy Temper thus ?

Guil. Oh ! *Pembroke,* 'tis in vain to hide from thee ;
For thou hast look'd into my artless Bosom,
And seen at once the Hurry of my Soul.

'Tis true thy coming strook me with Surprize.
I have a Thought——but wherefore said I one,
I have a thousand Thoughts all up in Arms,
Like populous Towns disturb'd at dead of Night,
That mixt in Darkness bustle to and fro,
As if their Business were to make Confusion.

Pem. Then sure our better Angels call'd me hither.

For this is Friendship's Hour and Friendship's Office,
To come when Counsel and when Help is wanting,
To share the Pain of every gnawing Care,
To speak of Comfort in the Time of Trouble,
To reach a Hand and save thee from Adversity.

Guil. And wo't thou be a Friend to me indeed?
And while I lay my Bosom bare before thee,
Wo't thou deal tenderly, and let thy Hand
Pass gently over ev'ry painful Part?

Wo't thou with Patience hear, and judge with Temper?
And if perchance thou meet with somewhat harsh,
Somewhat to rouse thy Rage and grate thy Soul,
Wo't thou be Master of thy self and bear it?

Pem. Away with all this needless Preparation.
Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,
That I can never think thee an Offender.
If it were so, that I indeed must judge thee,
I should take part with thee against my self,
And call thy Fault a Virtue.

Guil. But suppose,
The Thought were somewhat that concern'd our Love.

Pem. No more, thou know'st we spoke of that to Day,
And on what Terms we left it. 'Tis a Subject,
Of which if possible, I wou'd not think.
I beg that we may mention it no more.

Guil. Can we not speak of it with Temper?

Pem. No.

Thou know'st I cannot. Therefore prithee spare it.

Guil. Oh! cou'd the Secret, I would tell thee, sleep,
And the World never know it, my fond Tongue,
Shou'd cease from speaking, e'er I wou'd unfold it,
Or vex thy Peace with an officious Tale.
But since howe'er ungrateful to thy Ear
It must be told thee once, hear it from me.

Pem.

Pem. Speak then, and ease the Doubts that shock my Soul.

Guil. Suppose thy *Guilford's* better Stars prevail,
and crown his Love.——

Pem. Say not suppose, 'tis done.

Ask not for vain Excuse nor soft'ning Words,

thou hast prevaricated with thy Friend,

under-hand Contrivances undone me ;

and while my open Nature trusted in thee,

thou hast step'd in between me and my Hopes,

and ravish'd from me all my Soul held dear.

thou hast betray'd me,——

Guil. How ! betray'd thee ! *Pembrook* !

Pem. Yes, falsely, like a Traytor.

Guil. Have a Care.

Pem. But think not I will bear the foul Play from thee.

There was but this which I cou'd ne'er forgive.

My Soul is up in Arms, my injur'd Honour,

patient of the Wrong, calls for Revenge ;

and tho' I lov'd thee——fondly——

Guil. Hear me yet,

and *Pembrook* shall acquit me to himself.

For while I tell how Fortune dealt between us,

and gave the yielding Beauty to my Arms.——

Pem. What hear it stand and listen to thy Triumph !

Do not think 'st me tame indeed. No, I hold I charge thee,

that I forget that ever we were Friends,

but in the Rage of disappointed Love,

shall at once and tear thee for thy Falshood.

Guil. Thou warn'st me well ; and I were rash as thou art,

to trust the secret Sum of all my Happiness,

in one not Master of himself. Farewel. [Going.]

Pem. Ha ! art thou going ? Think not thus to part,

but leave me on the Rack of this Incertainty.

Guil. What woud'st thou further ?

Pem.

Pem. Tell it to me all.
 Say thou art marry'd, say thou hast possess'd her,
 And rioted in vast Excess of Bliss;
 That I may curse my self, and thee, and her.
 Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy Friend?
 How didst thou look with that betraying Face,
 And smiling plot my Ruin?

Guil. Give me Way.
 When thou art better temper'd I may tell thee,
 And vindicate at full my Love and Friendship.

Pem. And do'st thou hope to shun me then, thou Traytor?
 No, I will have it now, this Moment, from thee;
 Or drag the Secret out from thy false Heart.

Guil. Away thou Madman! I would talk to Winds,
 And reason with the rude tempestuous Surge,
 Sooner than hold Discourse with Rage like thine.

Pem. Tell it, or by my injur'd Love I swear,
 [laying his Hand upon his Sword]
 I'll stab the lurking Treason in thy Heart.

Guil. Ha! Stay thee there; nor let thy frantick Hand,
 [stopping him]
 Unsheath thy Weapon; if the Sword be drawn,
 If once we meet on Terms like those; Farewel
 To ev'ry Thought of Friendship; one must fall.

Pem. Curse on thy Friendship, I would break the Band
Guil. That as you please—beside this Place is sacred,
 And wo'not be profan'd with Brawls and Outrage.
 You know I dare be found on any Summons.

Pem. 'Tis well. My Vengeance shall not not loiter long
 Henceforward let the Thoughts of our past Lives
 Be turn'd to deadly and remorseless Hate.
 Here I give up the empty Name of Friend,
 Renounce all Gentleness, all Commerce with thee,
 To Death defy thee as my mortal Foe;

and when we meet again, may swift Destruction,
rid me of thee, or rid me of my self, [Exit Pembroke.]

Guil. The Fate I ever fear'd is fall'n upon me ;
and long ago my boding Heart divin'd
Breach like this from his ungovern'd Rage.

Pembroke ! thou hast done me much Injustice,
I have born thee true unfeign'd Affection.
is past and thou art lost to me for ever.

is or ought to be our greatest Bliss ;
ce ev'ry other Joy how dear soever,
es way to that, and we leave all for Love.

the Imperious Tyrant's lordly Call,
Spite of Reason and Restraint we come,
ve Kindred, Parents, and our native Home.

the trembling Maid, with all her Fears, he charms,
pulls her from her weeping Mother's Arms.

laughs at all our Leagues, and in proud Scorn,
commands the Bands of Friendship to be torn :

claims a Partner shou'd partake his Throne,
reigns unbounded, lawless, and alone.

[Exit.]

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I

Scene, *The Tower.**Enter PEMBROKE and GARDINER.*

Gar. **N**AY, by the Rood, my Lord, you were to blame
 To let a Hair-brain'd Passion be your Guide,
 And hurry you into such mad Extreames.
 Marry ! you might have made much worthy Profit,
 By patient hearing ; the unthinking Lord,
 Had brought forth ev'ry Secret of his Soul.
 Then when you were the Master of his Bosom,
 That were the Time to use him with Contempt,
 And turn his Friendship back upon his Hands.

Pem. Thou talk'st as if a Madman cou'd be wise.
 Oh ! *Winchester*, thy hoary frozen Age
 Can never guess my Pain ; can never know
 The burning Transports of untam'd Desire.
 I tell thee, Rev'rend Lord, to that one Bliss,
 To the Enjoyment of that lovely Maid,
 As to their Center, I had drawn each Hope,
 And ev'ry Wish my furious Soul could form ;
 Still with Regard to that my Brain forethought,
 And fashion'd ev'ry Action of my Life.
 Then to be rob'd at once, and unsuspecting,
 Be dash'd in all the Height of Expectation,

Lady JANE GRAY.

23

It was not to be born.

Gar. Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?

Pem. I have not had a Minutes Peace of Mind,
A Moments Pause, to rest from Rage, or think.

Gar. Learn it from me then: but or e'er I speak,
I warn you to be Master of your self.

Tho', as you know they have confin'd me long,

Grat'mercy to their Goodness, Pris'ner here;

Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large

Within the Tower, and hold free Speech with any;

I have not dream't away my thoughtless Hours,

Without good Heed to these our righteous Rulers.

To prove this true, this Morn a trusty Spy,

Has brought me Word that yester Evening late,

In Spite of all the Grief for *Edward's* Death,

Your Friends were marry'd.

Pem. Marry'd! Who?—Damnation!

Gar. Lord *Guilford Dudley*, and the Lady *JANE*.

Pem. Curse on my Stars!

Gar. Nay, in the Name of Grace,

Refrain this sinful Passion; all's not lost

In this one single Woman.

Pem. I have lost

More than the Female World can give me back.

I had beheld, ev'n her whole Sex unmov'd,

Look'd o'er 'em like a Bed of gaudy Flowers,

That lift their painted Heads and live a Day,

Then shed their trifling Glories unregarded.

My Heart disdain'd their Beauties, till she came,

With ev'ry Grace that Nature's Hand cou'd give,

And with a Mind so great, it spoke its Essence

Immortal and Divine.

Gar. She was a Wonder,

Detraction must allow that.

E

Pem.

Pem. The Virtues came,
Sorted in gentle Fellowship to crown her,
As if they meant to mend each others Work.
Candour with Goodness, Fortitude with Sweetness,
Strict Piety and Love of Truth, with Learning,
More than the Schools of *Athens* ever knew,
Or her own *Plato* taught. A Wonder! *Winchester*!
Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,
More than to say, she was that only Blessing
My Soul was set upon, and I have lost her.

Gar. Your State is not so bad as you wou'd make it;
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry Hope.

Pem. Ha! wo't thou save me, snatch me from Despair,
And bid me live again?

Gar. She may be yours.
Suppose her Husband die.

Pem. O vain vain Hope!

Gar. Marry, I do not hold that Hope so vain.
These Gospellers have had their golden Days,
And lorded it at Will; with proud Despight,
Have trodden down our Holy Roman Faith,
Ransack'd her Shrines, and driv'n her Saints to Exile,
But if my Divination fail me not,
Their haughty Hearts shall be abas'd e'er long,
And feel the Vengeance of our *Mary's* Reign.

Pem. And wou'dst thou have my fierce Impatience stay
Bid me lye bound upon a Rack, and wait
For distant Joys, whole Ages yet behind?
Can Love attend on Politicians Schemes,
Expect the slow Events of cautious Counsels,
Cold unresolving Heads and creeping Time?

Gar. To Day, or I am ill inform'd, *Northumberland*
With easy *Suffolk*, *Guilford*, and the rest
Meet here in Council on some deep Design.

some traitorous Contrivance, to protect
their upstart Faith from near approaching Ruin.
but there are Punishments — Halters and Axes
for Traitors, and consuming Flames for Hereticks.
the happy Bridegroom may be yet cut short,
in his highest Hope — but go not you,
howe'er the fawning Sire, old *Dudley*, court you.
O, by the Holy Rood I charge you mix not
with their pernicious Counsels. — Mischief waits 'em,
and certain, unavoidable Destruction.
Pem. Ha! join with them to the cursed *Dudley's* Race!
who, while they held me in their Arms, betray'd me,
and made a Mock'ry of my easy Friendship.
when I do, Dishonour be my Portion,
and swift Perdition catch me, — join with them!
Gar. I wou'd not have you — bid you to the City,
and join with those who love our antient Faith.
either your Friends about you, and be ready
to assert our zealous *Mary's* Royal Title.
doubt not but her grateful Hand shall give you
to see your Soul's Desire upon your Enemies.
the Church shall pour her ample Treasures forth too,
and pay you with ten thousand Years of Pardon.
Pem. No, keep your Blessings back, and give me Vengeance!
let me to tell that soft Deceiver, *Gailford*,
this Traytor hast thou done, thus hast thou wrong'd me,
and thus thy Treason finds a just Reward.
Gar. But soft! no more! the Lord's Council come
by the Mass! the Bride and Bridegroom too!
fire with me, my Lord, we must not mber 'em.
Pem. 'Tis they themselves, the cursed happy Pair!
Winchester, hast thou fly for every
and drive her from my very Thoughts if possible.
Oh!

Oh! Love what have I lost! — Oh! Reverend Lord,
 Pity this fond, this foolish Weakness in me;
 Methinks, I go like our first wretched Father,
 When from his blissful Garden he was driven.
 Like me he went despairing, and like me,
 Thus at the Gate stopt short for one last View.
 Then with the cheerless Partner of his Woe,
 He turn'd him to the World that lay below.
 There for his Eden's happy Plains beheld,
 A Barren, wild, uncomfortable Field.
 He saw 'twas vain the Ruin to deplore,
 He try'd to give the sad Remembrance o'er,
 The sad Remembrance still return'd again,
 And his lost Paradise renew'd his Pain.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Gardiner*]

Enter Lord Guilford, and Lady JANE

Gail. What shall I say to thee? What Pow'r Divine,
 Will teach my Tongue to tell thee what I feel?
 To pour the Transports of my Bosom forth,
 And make thee Partner of the Joy dwells there?
 For thou art comfortless, full of Affliction,
 Heavy of Heart as the forsaken Widow,
 And desolate as Orphans: Oh my fair one!
 Thy Edward shines amongst the brightest Stars;
 And yet thy Sorrows seek him in the Grave.

L. J. Alas, my dearest Lord! a thousand Griefs
 Beset my anxious Heart, and yet as if
 The Burthen were too little, I have added
 The Weight of all thy Cares. And like the Miser,
 Increase of Wealth has made me but more wretched.
 The Morning Light seems not to rise as usual;
 It dawns not to me, like my Virgin Days,
 But brings new Thoughts and other Fears upon me;
 Tremble, and my anxious Heart is pain'd,

least ought but Good should happen to my *Guilford*.

Guil. Nothing but Good can happen to thy *Guilford*,
While thou art by his Side, his better Angel,
His Blessing and his Guard.

L. J. Why came we hither?

Why was I drawn to this unhappy Place,
This Tower, so often stain'd with Royal Blood?
Here the fourth *Edward's* helpless Sons were murder'd,
And pious *Henry* fell by Ruthless *Gloster*.

Is this the Place allotted for rejoicing,
The Bower adorn'd to keep our Nuptial Feast in?
Methinks Suspicion and Distrust dwell here,
Gazing with meager Forms thro' grated Windows.
Each lurks within, and unrelenting Punishment
About grim Danger, Fear, and fiercest Power,
On the rude old Tow'rs and *Gothick* Battlements;
While Horror overlooks the dreadful Wall,
And frowns on all around.

Guil. In Safety here,
The Lords o'th' Council have this Morn decreed,
To meet and with united Care support
The feeble tottering State. To thee, my Princess,
Whose Royal Veins are rich in *Henry's* Blood,
With one Consent the noblest Heads are bow'd;
From thee they ask a Sanction to their Counsels,
And from thy healing Hand expect a Cure
Of *England's* Loss in *Edward*.

L. J. How! from me!
O my Lord!—but sure thou mean'st to mock me.

Guil. No, by the Love my faithful Heart is full of!
I see, thy Mother, gracious *Suffolk* comes,
To intercept my Story. She shall tell thee,
In her Look I read the lab'ring Thought,
That vast Event thy Fate is now disclosing.

Enter the Dutchess of Suffolk.

Dutch. Suff. No more complain, indulge thy Tears no more
Thy pious Grief has giv'n the Grave its Due:
Let thy Heart kindle with the highest Hopes,
Expand thy Bosom, let thy Soul enlarg'd,
Make Room to entertain the coming Glory,
For Majesty and Purple Greatness court thee,
Homage and low Subjection wait: A Crown,
That makes the Princes of the Earth like Gods,
A Crown, my Daughter, *England's* Crown attends,
To bind thy Brows with its Imperial Wreath.

L. J. Amazement chills my Veins! what says my Mother

Dutch. Suff. 'Tis Heav'n's Decree, for our expiring *Edward*
When now just struggling to his native Skies,
Ev'n on the Verge of Heav'n, in Sight of Angels,
That hover'd round to waft him to the Stars,
Ev'n then declar'd my *JANE* his Successor.

L. J. Could *Edward* do this? could the dying Saint,
Bequeath his Crown to me? Oh fatal Bounty!
To me! but 'tis impossible! we dream.
A thousand and a thousand Bars oppose me,
Rise in my Way and intercept my Passage.
Ev'n you, my gracious Mother, what must you be,
E'er I can be a Queen?

Dutch. Suff. That and that only,
Thy Mother, fonder of that tender Name
Than all the proud Additions Power can give.
Yes, I will give up all my Share of Greatness,
And live in low Obscurity forever,
To see thee rais'd thou Darling of my Heart,
And fix'd upon a Throne. But see! thy Father,
Northumberland, with all the Council come,
To pay their vow'd Allegiance at thy feet,

Lady JANE GRAY.

31

kneel and call thee Queen.

L. J. Support me Guilford,

me thy Aid, stay thou my fainting Soul,
help me to repress this growing Danger.

Suffolk, Northumberland, Lords, and others of the
Privy-Council.

North. Hail! sacred Princess! sprung from ancient Kings;
England's dearest Hope, undoubted Off-spring

Tork and Lancaster's united Line.

whose bright Zeal, by whose victorious Faith,

arded and fence'd around our pure Religion,

our Lamp of Truth which shines upon our Altars,

all lift its golden Head and flourish long

each whose awful Rule and righteous Scepter

plenteous Years shall roll in long Succession:

shall prevail and ancient Right take Place,

Liberty shall lift her cheerful Head,

of Tyranny and proud Oppression

complaining in our Streets shall cry,

Justice shall be exercis'd in Mercy.

Royal James behold we bend our Knees, [they kneel]

Pledge of Marriage and thy Land's Obedience,

humblest Duty this we kneel, and own thee

Dege, our Sovereign Lady, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

Oh! if I could but see thee, and our Queen

To make all firm,
And fix a Pow'r unquestion'd in your Hand;
Edward by Will bequeath'd his Crown to you;
And the concurring Lords in Council
Have ratified the Gift.

L. J. Are Crowns and Empire,
The Government and Safety of Mankind,
Trifles of such light Moment, to be left,
Like some rich Toy, a Ring or fancy'd Gem,
The Pledge of parting Friends? can Kings do thus,
And give away a People for a Legacy?

North. Forgive me, Princely Lady, if my Wonder
Seizes each Sense, each Faculty of Mind.

To see the utmost Wish the Great can form,
A Crown thus coldly met: A Crown, which slighted
And left in Scorn by you, shall soon be sought
And find a joyful Wearer; One perhaps,
Of Blood unkindred to your Royal House,
And fix its Glories in another Line.

L. J. Where art thou now, thou Partner of my Care

Come to my Aid, and help to bear this Burthen,
Oh! save me from this Sorrow, this Misfortune,
Which in the Shape of gorgeous Greatness comes,
To crown and make a Wretch of me forever.

Gul. Thou weep'st, my Queen, and hang'st thy down
Like nodding Poppies heavy with the Rain,
That bow their weary Necks and bend to Earth
See, by thy Side, thy faithful *Gulford* stands,
Prepar'd to keep Distress and Danger from thee,
To wear thy sacred Cause upon his Sword,
And war against the World in thy Defence.

North. Oh! stay this insipiduous Stream of Tears
And cheer your People with one gracious Smile.
Nor comes your Fate in such a dreadful Form,

To bid you shun it: Turn those sacred Eyes
On the bright Prospect Empire spreads before you.
Methinks I see you seated on the Throne;
Beneath your Feet, the Kingdoms great Degrees
In bright Confusion shine; Mitres and Coronets,
The various Ermin, and the glowing Purple;
Assembled Senates wait with awful Dread
To firm your high Commands, and make 'em Fate.

L. Jane. You turn to view the painted side of Royalty,
and cover all the Cares that lurk beneath;
it to be a Queen, to sit aloft
in solemn, dull, uncomfortable State,
The flatter'd Idol of a Servile Court?
it to draw a pompous Train along,
Pageant, for the wond'ring Crowd to gaze at?
it in Wantonness of Pow'r, to Reign,
and make the World subservient to my Pleasure?
it not rather to be Greatly Wretched,
to Watch, to Toil, to take a sacred Charge,
to bend each Day before high Heaven, and own,
this People hast thou trusted to my Hand,
and at my Hand, I know, thou shalt require 'em?
alas! *Northumberland* to my Father! — Is it not
to live a Life of Care; and when I die,
have more to answer for before my Judge,
than any of my Subjects?
Suff. Ev'ry State
 allotted to the Race of Man below,
in proportion, doom'd to tast some Sorrow.
or is the golden Wreath on a King's Brow
 exempt from Care; and yet, Who wou'd not bear it?
think on the Monarchs of our Royal Race,
they liv'd not for Themselves: How many Blessings,
how many lifted Hands, shall pay thy Toil,
for thy Peoples Good thou happ'ly borrow

Some portion from the Hours of Rest, and Wake
To give the World Repose.

Suff. Behold, we stand upon the Brink of Ruin,
And only Thou canst save us. Persecution,
That Fiend of Rome and Hell, prepares her Tortures;
See where she comes in Mary's Priestly Train:
Still wo't thou doubt? till thou behold her stalk
Red with the Blood of Martyrs, and Wide-wasting
O'er England's Bosom? All the mourning Year
Our Towns shall glow with unextinguish'd Fires;
Our Youth on Racks shall stretch their Crackling Bones;
Our Babes shall sprawl on Consecrated Spears;
Matrons and Husbands, with their New-born Infants,
Shall burn promiscuous; a continu'd Peal
Of Lamentations, Groans and Shrieks shall sound
Through all our purple Ways.

Guil. Amidst that Ruin,
Think thou beholdst thy *Guilford's* Head laid Low,
Bloody and Pale —

L. Jane. Oh! spare the Dreadful Image!

Guil. Oh! wou'd the Misery be bounded there,
My Life were little; but the Rage of Rome
Demands whole Hecatombs, a Land of Victims
With Superstition comes that other Fiend;
That Bane of Peace, of Arts and Virtue, Tyranny;
That Foe to Justice, Scorn of all Law;
That Beast, which thinks Mankind were born for One,
And made by Heav'n to be a Monster's Prey;
That heaviest Curse of groaning Nations, Tyranny.
Mary shall, by her Kindred Spain, be taught
To bend our Necks beneath a Brazen Yoke,
And Rule o'er Wretches with an Iron Sceptre.

L. Jane. Avert that Judgment, Heaven!
Whate'er thy Providence allots for me,
In Mercy spare my Country.

Guil. Oh, my Queen!

Does not thy Great, thy Generous Heart Relent,
To think this Land, for Liberty so fam'd,
Shall have her Tow'ry Front at once laid low,
And robb'd of all it's Glory? Oh! my Country!
Oh! Fairest *Albion*, Empress of the Deep,
How have thy Noblest Sons with stubborn Valour
Stood to the last, dy'd many a Field in Blood,
In dear Defence of Birth-right and their Laws!
And shall those Hands, which fought the Cause of Freedom,
Be manac'd in base unworthy Bonds?

Be tamely yielded up? the Spoil, the Slaves
Of Hair-brain'd Zeal, and Cruel Coward Priests?

L. Jane. Yes, my lov'd Lord, my Soul is mov'd, like Thine,
At ev'ry Danger which Invades our *England*;
My cold Heart kindles at the great Occasion,
And could be more than Man, in her Defence.

But where is my Commission to Redress?

Or whence my Pow'r to Save? Can *Edward's* Will,

Or Twenty met in Council, make a Queen?

Can you, my Lords, give me the Pow'r to canvass

A doubtful Title with King *Henry's* Daughters?

Where are the Rev'rend Sages of the Law,

To guide me with their Widdoms, and point out

The Paths which Right and Justice bid me tread?

North. The Judges all attend, and will at leisure

Resolve you ev'ry Scruple.

L. Jane. They expound,

But where are those, my Lord, who make the Law?

Where are the Ancient Honours of the Realm,

The Nobles, with the Miter'd Fathers join'd?

The Wealthy Commons solemnly Assembled?

Where is that Voice of a Consenting People,

To pledge the Universal Faith with mine,

And call me justly Queen?

North. Nor shall that long

Be wanting to your Wish: The Lords and Commons

Shall, at your Royal Bidding, soon Assemble,

And with united Homage own your Title.

Delay not then to meet the General Wish,

But be our Queen; be *England's* better Angel.

Nor let mistaken Piety betray you

To join with Cruel *Mary* in our Ruin:

Her bloody Faith commands her to Destroy,

And yours forbids to Save.

Guil. Our Foes, already

High in their Hopes, devote us all to Death:

The Dronish Monks, the Scorn and Shame of Manhood,

Rouze and prepare once more to take Possession,

To nestle in their ancient Hives again;

Again they furbish up their Holy Trumpery,

Relicks, and Wooden Wonder-working Saints,

Whole Loads of Lumber and Religious Rubbish,

In high Procession mean to bring 'em back,

And place the Puppets in their Shrines again:

While those of keener Malice, Savage *Bonner*,

And Deep-designing *Gardner*, dream of Vengeance;

Devour the Blood of Innocents, in Hope,

Like Vultures, snuff the Slaughter in the Wind,

And speed their Flight to Havock and the Prey.

Haste then and save us, while 'tis giv'n to save

Your Country, your Religion.

North. Save your Friends!

Suff. Your Father!

D. Suff. Mother!

Guil. Husband!

L. Jane. Take me, Crown me;

Invest me with this Royal Wretchedness;

Let me not know one happy Minute more,

Let

Let all my sleepless Nights be spent in Care,
My Days be vex'd with Tumults and Alarms,
If only I can save you ; if my Fate
Has mark'd me out to be the Publick Victim,
I take the Lot with Joy. Yes, I will Die
For that Eternal Truth my Faith is fix'd on,
And that dear Native Land which gave me Birth.

Guil. Wake ev'ry Tuneful Instrument to tell it,
And let the Trumpets sprightly Note proclaim
My *Jane* is *England's* Queen ! Let the loud Cannon
In peals of Thunder speak it to *Augusta*.

Imperial Thames, catch thou the sacred Sound,
And roll it to the subject Ocean down :

Tell the old Deep, and all thy Brother-Floods,

My *Jane* is Empress of the Watry World !

Now with glad Fires our bloodless Streets shall shine ;

With Cryes of Joy our chearful Ways shall ring ;

Thy Name shall eccho through the rescu'd Isle,

And reach Applauding Heaven !

L. Jane. Oh, *Guilford* ! What do we give up for Glory ?

For Glory ! That's a Toy I wou'd not purchase,

An idle, empty Bubble. But for *England* !

What must we lose for That ! Since then my Fate

Has forc'd this hard Exchange upon my Will,

Let gracious Heav'n allow me one Request :

For that blest Peace in which I once did dwell,

For Books, Retirement, and my studious Cell,

For all those Joys my happier Days did prove,

For *Plato* and his *Academick Grove* ;

All that I ask, is, Tho' my Fortune frown,

And bury me beneath this fatal Crown ;

That one Good be added to my Doom,

To save this Land from Tyranny and Rome.

End of the Third ACT.

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene Continues.

Enter PEMBROKE and GARDINER.

Gardiner.



IN an unlucky and accursed Hour
 Set forth that Traytor Duke, that Proud Northumb-
 To draw his Sword upon the side of Herefy,
 And War against our Mary's Royal Right:
 Ill Fortune fly before and pave his Way
 With Disappointment, Mischief and Defeat:
 And thou, O, holy Becket, the Protector,
 The Champion, and the Martyr of our Church,
 Appear, and once more own the Cause of Rome;
 Beat down his Launce, break thou his Sword in Battle,
 And cover foul Rebellion with Confusion.

Pem. I saw him marching at his Army's Head;
 I mark'd him issuing through the City Gate
 In Harness, all appointed as he pass'd;
 And (for he wore his Beaver up) could read
 Upon his Visage Horror and Dismay;
 No Voice of friendly Salutation cheer'd him,
 None wish'd his Arms might thrive, or bad God-speed him;
 But through a staring Gaffly-looking Croud,
 Unhail'd, unblest'd, with heavy Heart he went:

Lady JANE GRAY.

39

As if his Traytor Father's haggard Ghost,
And Somerset fresh bleeding from the Ax,
On either hand had usher'd him to Ruin.

Gar. Nor shall the holy Vengeance loiter long.
At Framingham in Suffolk lies the Queen,

Mary our Pious Mistress; where each Day
The Nobles of the Land, and swarming Populace
Gather, and Liff beneath her Royal Ensigns.

The Fleet Commanded by Sir Thomas Jerningham,
Set out in Warlike manner to oppose her.

With one Consent have join'd to own her Cause;
The Valiant Sussex, and Sir Edward Hastings,

With many more of Note, are up in Arms,
And all Declare for Her.

Pem. The Citizens,

Who held the Noble Somerset right dear,
Hate this aspiring Dudley and his Race,

And wou'd, upon the Instant, join to oppose him;

Could we but draw some of the Lords, or the Council,

To appear among 'em, own the same Design,

And bring the Rev'rend Sanction of Authority
To lead 'em into Action. For that Purpose,

To thee, as to an Oracle, I come

To learn what fit Expedient may be found

To win the wary Council to our side.

Say thou, whose Head is grown thus Silver White,

In Arts of Government, and Turns of State,

How we may blast our Enemies with Ruin,

And sink the curs'd Northumberland to Hell.

Gar. In happy Time be your whole Wish accomplish'd.

Since the Proud Duke set out, I have had Conference

On fit Occasion serv'd, with divers of 'em,

The Earl of Arundel, Mason, and Cheyney,

And find 'em all dispos'd as we could ask.

My Holy Mary, if I count aright,

To

To Day, the better Part shall leave this Place,
 And meet at *Baynard's-Castle* in the City;
 There own our Sovereign's Title, and defy
Jane, and her Gospel-Crew. But hie you hence!
 This Place is still within our Foes Command,
 Their Puppet-Queen reigns here.

Enter an Officer with a Guard.

Off. Seize on 'em both.

[Guard seize Pembroke and Gardiner.]

My Lord, you are a Prisoner to the State.

Pem. Ha! By whose Order?

Off. By the Queen's Command,
 Sign'd and Deliver'd by *Lord Guilford Dudley*.

Pem. Curse on his Traytor's Heart!

Gar. Rest you Contented:

You have loiter'd here too long, but use your Patience,
 These Bonds shall not be lasting.

Off. As for you, Sir,

[To Gardiner]

'Tis the Queen's Pleasure, you be close Confin'd:

You've us'd that fair Permission was allow'd you,

To walk at large within the Tower, unworthily.

You're not'd for an Over-busy Medler,

A Secret Practicer against the State;

For which, henceforth, your Limits shall be straiter.

Hence! to his Chamber.

Gar. Farewel, gentle Pembroke,

I trust, that we shall meet on blither Terms;

Till then, amongst my Beads, I will remember you,

And give you to the Keeping of the Saints.

[Exit part of the Guard with Gardiner.]

Pem. Now! whither must I go?

Off. This way, my Lord.

[Going off]

Enter

Enter Guilford.

Guil. Hold, Captain! e're you go, I have a Word or two
For this your Noble Pris'ner.

Off. At your Pleasure:
I know my Duty, and attend your Lordship.

*[The Officer and Guard retire to the
farther part of the Stage.]*

Guil. Is all the Gentleness that was betwixt us
So lost, so swept away from thy Remembrance,
Thou canst not look upon me?

Pem. Ha! not look!
What Terrors are there in the *Dudley's* Race,
That *Pembroke* dares not look upon and scorn?
And yet, 'tis true, I wou'd not look upon thee:
Our Eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.

Guil. You hate me, then?

Pem. I do; and wish Perdition may o'ertake
Thy Father, thy false Self, and thy whole Name.

Guil. And yet, as sure as Rage disturbs thy Reason,
And masters all the noble Nature in thee;
As sure as thou hast Wrong'd me, I am come
In tenderness of Friendship to Preserve thee;
To plant ev'n all the Pow'r I have before thee,
And fence thee from Destruction, with my Life.

Pem. Friendship from thee! But, my just Soul disdains thee:
Hence! take the prostituted Bawble back,
Hang it to grace some slavering Ideot's Neck,
For none but Fools will prize the Tinsel Toy:
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy Greatness,
And set thy Purple Pomp to view before me;
To let me know that *Guilford* is a King,
That he can speak the Word, and give me Freedom.

G

Oh!

Oh! Short-liv'd Pageant! Had'st thou all the Pow'r
Which thy vain Soul would grasp at, I would Die,
Rot in a Dungeon, e're receive a Grace,
The least, the meanest Courtesy from Thee.

Guil. Oh! *Pembroke*! But I have not time to Talk,
For Danger presses; Danger unforeseen,
And secret as the Shaft that flies by Night,
Is aiming at thy Life. Captain, a Word! [To the Officer.
I take your Pris'ner to my proper Charge;
Draw of your Guard, and leave his Sword with me.

[*The Officer Delivers the Sword to Lord Guilford,
and goes out with the Guard.*]

[*L. Guil. offering the Sword to Pembroke.*]

Receive this Gift, ev'n from a Rival's Hand;
And if thy Rage will suffer thee to hear
The Counsel of a Man once call'd thy Friend,
Flie from this fatal Place, and seek thy Safety.

Pem. How now! What Shew, What Mockery is this?
Is it in Sport you use me thus? What means
This swift fantastick changing of the Scene?

Guil. Oh! take thy Sword; and let thy valiant Hand
Be ready arm'd to Guard thy Noble Life:
The Time, the Danger, and thy wild Impatience,
Forbid me all to enter into Speech with thee,
Or I cou'd tell thee —

Pem. No, it needs not, Traytor!
For all thy poor, thy little Arts are known.
Thou fear'st my Vengeance, and art come to Fawn,
To make a Merit of that proffer'd Freedom,
Which, in despite of thee, a Day shall give me:
Nor can my Fate depend on thee, false *Guilford*;
For know, to thy Confusion, e're the Sun
Twice gild the East, our Royal *Mary* comes
To End thy Pageant Reign, and set me Free.

Guil. Ungrateful and Unjust! Hast thou then known me

So little, to accuse my Heart of Fear?
Hast thou forgotten *Musfelborough's Field*?
Did I then Fear, when by thy Side I fought,
And dy'd my Maiden Sword in *Scottish Blood*?
But this is Madness all.

Pem. Give me my Sword.

[*Taking his Sword.*]

Perhaps indeed, I wrong thee. Thou hast thought;
And, conscious of the Injury thou' hast done me,
Art come to proffer me a Soldier's Justice,
And meet my Arm in single Opposition:
Lead then, and let me Follow to the Field.

Gul. Yes, *Pembroke*, thou shalt satisfy thy Vengeance,
And write thy bloody Purpose on my Bosom.
But let Death wait to Day. By our past Friendship,
In Honour's Name, by ev'ry sacred Tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.

Pem. What mystick Meaning lurks beneath thy Words?
What Fear is this, which thou would'st awe my Soul with?
Is there a Danger *Pembroke* dares not meet?

Gul. Oh! spare my Tongue a Tale of Guilt and Horror;
Trust me this once; believe me, when I tell thee
Thy Safety and thy Life is all I seek.

Away!

Pem. By Heav'n! I wou'd not stir a Step.

Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous Phrase.

If thou wou'dst have me think thou mean'st me fairly,

Speak with that plainness Honesty delights in,

And let thy Double-Tongue for once be True.

Gul. Forgive me, Filial Piety and Nature,

thus compell'd, I break your sacred Laws,

Reveal my Father's Crime, and blot with Infamy

The Hoary Head of him who gave me Being,

To save the Man whom my Soul loves from Death.

[*Giving a Paper.*]

Read there the fatal Purpose of thy Foe,

A Thought which Wounds my Soul with Shame and Horror,
Somewhat that Darkness shou'd have hid for Ever,
But that thy Life — Say, hast thou seen that Character?

Pem. I know it well; the Hand of Proud Northumberland,
Directed to his Minions Gates and Palmer.
What's this? [Reads.

*Remember with your closest Care, to observe those whom I nam'd
to you at parting; especially keep your Eye upon the Earl of
Pembroke; as his Power and Interest are most Considerable,
so his Opposition will be most Fatal to us. Remember the
Resolution was taken, if you should find him inclin'd to our
Enemies. The Forms of Justice are tedious, and Delays are
Dangerous. If he falters, lose not the sight of him 'till your
Daggers have reach'd his Heart.*

My Heart! Oh! Murd'rous Villain!

Guil. Since he parted,

Thy Ways have all been Watch'd, thy Steps been Mark'd;
Thy Secret Treaties with the Malecontents

That Harbour in the City; thy Conferring
With Gard'ner here in the Tower, all is known;

And, in pursuance of that Bloody Mandate,

A Set of Chosen Ruffians wait to End thee.

There was but one way left me to preserve thee;

I took it; and this Morning sent my Warrant

To seize upon thy Person — But be gone!

Pem. 'Tis so — 'tis Truth — I see his Honest Heart —

Guil. I have a Friend of well try'd Faith and Courage,
Who with a fit Disguise, and Arms conceal'd,

Attends without, to guide thee hence in Safety.

Pem. What is Northumberland? and what art Thou?

Guil. Waste not the Time. Away!

Pem. Here let me fix

And gaze with Everlasting Wonder on thee,

What is there Good or Excellent in Man,

That is not found in thee? Thy Virtues flash,

They break at once on my astonish'd Soul ;
As if the Curtains of the Dark were drawn,
To let in Day at Midnight.

Guil. Think me True ;
And tho' Ill-fortune cross'd upon our Friendship —

Pem. Curse on our Fortune ! — Think ! — I know thee honest.

Guil. For ever I cou'd hear thee — but thy Life —
Oh, Pembroke, linger not —

Pem. And can I leave thee
E're I have clasp'd thee in my eager Arms,
And giv'n thee back my sad repenting Heart ?
Believe me, Guilford, like the Patriarch's Dove, [Embracing.
It wandr'd forth, but found no Resting-place
Till it came Home again to lodge with thee.

Guil. What is there that my Soul can more desire,
Than these dear Marks of thy returning Friendship ?
The Danger comes — If you stay longer here,
You Die, my Pembroke.

Pem. Let me stay and Die,
For if I go, I go to work thy Ruin.
Thou know'st not what a Foe thou send'st me forth,
That I have sworn Destruction to thy Queen,
And pledg'd my Faith to Mary and her Cause :
My Honour is at stake.

Guil. I know 'tis given :
But go — the stronger thy Engagement's there,
The more's thy Danger here. There is a Power
Who sits above the Stars, in him I Trust :
All that I have, his bounteous Hand bestow'd ;
And he that gave it, can preserve it to me.
His O'er-ruling Will ordains my Ruin,
What is there more, but to fall down before him,
And humbly yield Obedience ! — Fly ! — Be gone !

Pem. Yes, I will go — For see ! Behold who comes !
Oh, Guilford, hide me, shield me from her Sight ;

Ev'ry

Ev'ry mad Passion kindles up again,
 Love, Rage, Despair — and yet I will be Master —
 I will Remember Thee — Oh, my torn Heart!
 I have a Thousand thousand Things to say,
 But cannot, dare not stay to look on her.
 Thus gloomy Ghosts, when'er the breaking Morn
 Gives notice of the chearful Sun's Return,
 Fade at the Light, with Horror stand Opprest,
 And shrink before the Purple-dawning East;
 Swift with the fleeting Shades they wing their way,
 And dread the Brightness of the Rising Day.

[*Exeunt* Guil. and Pen.]

Enter Lady Jane, *Reading*.

L. Jane. 'Tis false! The thinking Soul is somewhat more
 Than Symmetry of Atoms well dispos'd,
 The Harmony of Matter. Farewel else
 The Hope of all hereafter, that New Life,
 That separate Intellect, which must survive,
 When this fine Frame is moulder'd into Dust.

Enter Guilford.

Guil. What read'st thou there, my Queen?

L. Jane. 'Tis Plato's *Phadon*,
 Where Dying *Socrates* takes leave of Life,
 With such an easy, careless, calm Indifference,
 As if the Trifle were of no Account,
 Mean in it self, and only to be worn
 In honour of the Giver.

Guil. Shall thy Soul
 Still scorn the World, still flie the Joys that court
 Thy blooming Beauty, and thy tender Youth?
 Still shall she soar on Contemplation's Wing,
 And mix with nothing meaner than the Stars;
 As Heaven and Immortality alone
 Were Objects worthy to employ her Faculties.

L. Jane.

L. Jane. Bate but thy Truth, what is there here below
Deserves the least Regard? Is it not time
To bid our Souls look out, explore hereafter,
And seek some better, sure-abiding Place;
When all around our gathering Foes come on,
To drive, to sweep us from this World at once?

Guil. Does any Danger new——

L. Jane. The faithless Councillors
Are fled from hence, to join the Princess *Mary*.
The servile Herd of Courtiers, who so late
In low Obedience bent the Knee before me;
They, who with zealous Tongues, and Hands uplifted,
Besought me to Defend their Laws and Faith;
Vent their lewd Execrations on my Name,
Proclaim me Trait'ers now, and to the Scaffold
Doom my devoted Head.

Guil. The Changling Villains
That pray for Slavery, fight for their Bonds,
And shun the Blessing, Liberty, like Ruin.
What art thou, Human Nature, to do thus?
Does Fear or Folly make thee, like the *Indian*,
Fall down before this dreadful Devil, Tyranny,
And Worship the Destroyer?
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?

Give me my Arms: I will Preserve my Country,
E'en in her own despite: Some Friends I have
Who will or Die or Conquer in thy Cause,
Thine and Religion's, Thine and *England's* Cause.

L. Jane. Art thou not all my Treasure, all my Guard?

And wo't thou take from me the only Joy,
The last Defence is left me here below?

Think not thy Arm can stem the driving Torrent,

Or save a People, who with blindfold Rage,

Urge their own Fate, and strive to be Undone.

Northumberland, thy Father, is in Arms;

And

And if it be in Valour to defend us,
His Sword, that long has known the way to Conquest,
Shall be our surest Safety.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suff. Oh! my Children!

L. Jane. Alas! What means my Father?

Suff. Oh! my Son!

Thy Father, great *Northumberland*, on whom
Our dearest Hopes were built —

Guil. Ha! What of him?

Suff. Is Lost, Betray'd!

His Army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,
Moulder'd away, and melted from his side,
Like falling Hail thick strown upon the Ground,
Which, e're we can essay to count, is vanish'd:
With some few Followers he arriv'd at *Cambridge*;
But there, ev'n they forsook him; and himself
Was forc'd, with heavy Heart and watry Eye,
To cast his Cap up, with dissembled Chear,
And cry, God save Queen *Mary*. But alas!
Little avail'd the semblance of that Loyalty:
For soon thereafter, by the Earl of *Arundel*,
With Treason was he charg'd, and there Arrested;
And now he brings him Pris'ner up to *London*.

L. Jane. — Then there's an end of Greatness the vain Dream
Of Empire and a Crown, that danc'd before me,
With all those unsubstantial, empty Forms,
Waiting in idle Mockery around us:
The gaudy Masque, tedious, and nothing meaning,
Is vanish'd all at once — Why, fare it well.

Guil. And canst thou bear this sudden Turn of Fate
With such unshaken Temper?

L. Jane. For my self,
If I cou'd form a Wish for Heav'n to grant,

It should have been to rid me of this Crown,
And thou o'er-ruling, great, all-knowing Power!
Thou who discern'st our Thoughts, who see'st 'em rising,
And forming in the Soul, Oh judg me, Thou!
If e'er Ambition's guilty Fires have warm'd me,
If e'er my Heart inclin'd to Pride, to Power,
Or joy'd in being a Queen. I took the Scepter
To save this Land, thy People, and thy Altars:
And now behold I bend my grateful Knee,
In humble Adoration of that Mercy, [Kneeling]
Which quits me of the vast unequal Task.

Enter the Dutchess of Suffolk.

D's Suff. Nay, keep that Posture still; and let us join,
Fix all our Knees by thine, lift up our Hands,
And seek for Help and Pity from above,
For Earth and faithless Man will give us none.

L. Jane. What is the worst our cruel Fate ordains us?

D's Suff. Curs'd be my fatal Counsel, curs'd my Tongue,
That pleaded for thy Ruin, and persuaded
Thy guiltless Feet to tread the Paths of Greatness!
My Child! — I have undone thee! —

L. Jane. Oh my Mother!
Shou'd I not bear a Portion in your Sorrows?

D's Suff. Alas! thou hast thy own, a double Portion.

Mary is come, and the revolting *Londoners*,
Who beat the Heavens with thy applauded Name,
Now croud to meet and hail her as their Queen.

Suffex is enter'd here, commands the Tower,
Has plac'd his Guards around: And this sad Place,

So late thy Palace, is become our Prison.
I saw him bend his Knee to cruel *Gardiner*,

Who freed from his Confinement, ran to meet him,
Embrac'd and blest him with a Hand of Blood.

Each hast'ning moment I expect 'em here.

To seize, and pass the Doom of Death upon us.
Guil. Ha! seiz'd! shalt thou be seiz'd! and shall I stand,
 And tamely see thee born away to Death?
 Then blasted be my Coward Name for ever!
 No, I will set my self to guard this Spot,
 To which our narrow Empire now is shrunk;
 Here will I grow the Bulwark of my Queen;
 Nor shall the Hand of Violence profane thee,
 Until my Breast have born a thousand Wounds;
 Till this torn mangled Body sink at once
 A Heap of Purple Ruin at thy Feet.

L. Jane. And could thy rash distracted Rage do thus?
 Draw thy vain Sword against an armed Multitude,
 Only to have my poor Heart split with Horrour,
 To see thee stab'd and butcher'd here before me.
 Oh call thy better nobler Courage to thee,
 And let us meet this adverse Fate with Patience!
 Greet our insulting Foes with equal Tempers,
 With even Brows, and Souls secure of Death.
 Here stand unmov'd, as once the Roman Senate
 Receiv'd fierce *Brutus* and the conquering *Gauls*,
 Till ev'n the rude *Barbarians* stood amaz'd
 At such superior Vertue. Be thy self,
 For see the Trial comes!

Enter Suffex, Gardiner, Officers and Soldiers.

Suff. Guards, execute your Orders, seize the Traitors!
 Here my Commission ends. To you, my Lord, [To Gardiner.
 So our great Mistress, Royal *Mary*, bids,
 I leave the full Disposal of these Prisoners;
 To your wise Care the pious Queen commends
 Her Sacred Self, her Crown, and what's yet more,
 The Holy *Roman Church*; for whose dear Safety,
 She wills your utmost Diligence be shewn,
 To bring Rebellion to the Bar of Justice.

Yet

Yet further, to proclaim how much she trusts
In *Winchester's* deep Thought, and well-try'd Faith,
The Seal attends to grace those Reverend Hands;
And when I next salute you, I must call you
Chief Minister and Chancellor of *England*.

Gar. Unnumber'd Blessings fall upon her Head,
My Ever-gracious Lady, to remember
With such full Bounty her old humble Beadsmen,
For these her Foes leave me to deal with them.

Suff. The Queen is on her Entrance, and expects me:
My Lord farewell.

Gar. Farewel, Right Noble *Suffex*.
Commend me to the Queen's Grace, say her Bidding
Shall be observ'd by her most lowly Creature: [*Exit Suffex*.
Lieutenant of the *Tower*, take hence your Pris'ners,
Be it your Care to see 'em kept apart,
That they may hold no Commerce with each other.

L. Jane. That Stroke was unexpected.

Guil. Wo't thou part us?

Gar. I hold no Speech with Hereticks and Traitors.
Lieutenant, see my Orders be obey'd. [*Exit Gardiner*.

Guil. Inhuman, monstrous, unexampled Cruelty!
Oh Tyrant! but the Task becomes thee well;
Thy savage Temper joys to do Death's Office;
To tear the Sacred Bands of Love asunder,
And part those Hands which Heav'n itself had join'd.

D's Suff. To let us waste the little Rest of Life
Together, had been merciful.

Suff. Then it had not
Been done like *Winchester*.

Guil. Thou stand'st unmov'd;
Calm Temper sits upon thy beauteous Brow;
Thy Eyes, that flow'd so fast for *Edward's* Loss,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the Ruin round thee;
As if thou hadst resolv'd to brave thy Fate,

And triumph in the midst of Desolation;
Ha! see it swells, the liquid Chrysal rises,
It starts in spight of thee, ~~And~~ but with catch it;
Nor let the Earth be wet with Dew so rich as I

L. Jane. And dost thou think, my *Guilford*, I can see
My Father, Mother, and ev'n thee my Husband
Torn from my Side without a Rang of Sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my Heart!
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing Softness, busy here,
That tugs the Strings, that struggles to get loose,
And pour my Soul in Wailings out before thee.

Guil. Give way, and let the gushing Torrent come:
Behold the Tears we bring to swell the Deluge,
Till the Flood rise upon the guilty World,
And make the Ruin common.

L. Jane. *Guilford*, no:
The time for tender Thoughts and soft Endearments
Is fled away and gone; Joy has forsaken us;
Our Hearts have now another Part to play;
They must be steel'd with some uncommon Fortitude,
That fearless we may tread the Paths of Horrors,
And in despite of Fortune and our Poes,
Ev'n in the Hour of Death be more than Conquerors.

Guil. Oh teach me, say, what Energy Divine
Inspires thy softer Sex, and tender Years
With such unshaken Courage?

L. Jane. Truth and Innocence
A conscious Knowledg rooted in my Heart,
That to have sav'd my Country was my Duty.
Yes, *England*, yes, my Country, I would have shed
But Heav'n forbids, Heav'n disallows my Weakness,
And to some dear selected Hero's Hand
Reserves the Glory of thy great Deliverance.

Lieut. My Lords, my Orders

Guil.

H

Guil.

Guil. See! we must — must part.

L. Jane. Yet surely we shall meet again.

Guil. Oh! Where?

L. Jane. If not on Earth, among yon golden Stars.

Where other Suns arise on other Earths,

And happier Beings rest in happier Seats:

Where, with all Reach enlarg'd, the Soul shall view

The great Creator's never-ceasing Hand

Bring forth new Worlds to all Eternity,

And people the Infinity of Space.

Guil. Fain wou'd I hear my Heart with Hopes like these;

My sad Thought turns ever to the Grave,

That last Dwelling, whither now we hast,

Where the black Shade shall interpose betwixt us,

And veil thee from these longing Eyes for ever.

L. Jane. 'Tis true, by those dark Paths our Journey leads,

Thro' the Vale of Death we pass to Life:

What is there in Death to blast our Hopes?

Behold the universal Works of Nature,

Where Life still springs from Death. To us the Sun

Every Night, and every Morn revives.

Flow'rs, which Winter's icy Hand destroy'd,

Renew their fair Heads, and live again in Spring.

Behold, with what Hopes upon the furrow'd Plain

The careful Plowman casts the pregnant Grain,

Which hid as in a Grave while it lies,

By the revolving Season bids it rise,

And Nature's genial Pow'rs command a Birth,

Which potent call it from the teeming Earth:

Which large Increase the bury'd Treasures yield,

And with full Harvest crown the plenteous Field.

Exit Jane, attended severally with the Guards.


End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene continues.

Enter GARDINER, as Lord Chancellor, and the Lieutenant of the Tower. Servants with Lights before them.

Lieut.  O Good Morning to your Lordship! you know Gar. Nay, by the Rood, there are too many Sleepers; Some must stir early, or the State shall suffer. Did you, as yesterday our Mandate bad, Inform your Prisoners, Lady Jane and Guilford, They were to die this Day?

Lieut. My Lord, I did.

Gar. 'Tis well. But say, how did your Message like 'em?

Lieut. My Lord, they met the Summons with a Temper That shew'd a solemn serious Sense of Death, Mix'd with a noble Scorn of all its Terrors. In short, they heard me with the self-same Patience With which they still have born them in their Prison. In one Request they both concur'd: Each begg'd To die before the other.

Gar. That, dispose As you think fitting.

Lieut. The Lord Guilford only Implor'd another Boon, and urg'd it warmly; That e'er he suffer'd he might see his Wife, And take a last Farawell.

Gar. That's not much; That Grace may be allow'd him: See you to it. How goes the Morning?

Lieut. Not yet Four, my Lord.

Gar. By Ten they meet their Fate. Yet one thing more,
 you know 'twas order'd that the Lady Jane
 should suffer here within the Tower. Take care
 no Crouds may be let in, no maudlin Gazers,
 no wet their Handkerchiefs, and make Report
 how like a Saint she ended. Some fit Number,
 and those too of our Friends, were most convenient:
 but above all, see that Good Guard be kept;
 you know the Queen is lodg'd at present here,
 take care that no Disturbance reach her Highness.
 And so good Morning, good Master Lieutenant. [Ex. Lieut.]
 Now now! What Light comes here?

Serv. So please your Lordship,

I mistake not 'tis the Earl of Pembroke.

Gar. Pembroke! — 'Tis he, What calls him forth thus
 somewhat he seems to bring of high import; Tearly?
 some Flame uncommon kindles up his Soul,
 and flashes forth impetuous at his Eyes.

Enter Pembroke, a Page with a Light before him.

Good morrow, Noble Pembroke! What importunate
 and strong Necessity breaks on your Slumbers,
 and rears your youthful Head from off your Pillow
 at this unwholesom Hour; while yet the Night
 lags in her latter Course, and with her raw
 and rheumy Damps infects the dusky Air?

Pem. Oh Reverend Winchester! my beating Heart
 exults and labours with the Joy it bears.

The News I bring shall bless the breaking Morn;
 this coming Day the Sun shall rise more glorious,
 than when his maiden Beams first gilded o'er
 the rich immortal Greens, the flow'ry Plains,
 and fragrant Bow'rs of Paradise new-born.

Gar. What Happiness is this?

Pem.

Pem. 'Tis Mercy! Mercy;
The Mark of Heaven impress'd on Human Kind;
Mercy that glads the World, deals Joy around;
Mercy that smooths the dreadful Brow of Power,
And makes Dominion light; Mercy that saves,
Binds up the broken Heart, and heals Despair.

Mary, our Royal Ever-gracious Mistress,
Has to my Services and humblest Prayers
Granted the Lives of *Gulford* and his Wife;
Full, and free Pardon!

Gar. Ha! What said you? Pardon!
But sure you cannot mean it, cou'd not urge
The Queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd Grace?
What! save the Lives of those who wore her Crown!
My Lord! 'tis most unweigh'd pernicious Counsel,
And must not be comply'd with.

Pem. Not comply'd with!
And who shall dare to bar her Sacred Pleasure,
And stop the Stream of Mercy?

Gar. That will I,
Who wo't see her gracious Disposition
Drawn to destroy her self.

Pem. Thy narrow Soul
Knows not the godlike Glory of Forgiving;
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless Heart conceive
How large the Pow'r, how fix'd that Empire is,
Which Benefits confer on generous Minds;
Goodness prevails upon the stubbornst Foes,
And conquers more than ever *Cæsar's* Sword did.

Gar. These are romantick, light, vain-glorious Dreams.
Have you consider'd well upon the Danger?
How dear to the fond Many, and how popular
These are whom you wou'd spare? Have you forgot
When at the Bar, before the Seat of Judgment,
This Lady *Jane*, this beauteous Traitors' flood,

With what Command she charm'd the whole Assembly?
 With silent Grief the mournful Audience sat,
 Fix'd on her Face, and list'ning to her Pleading.
 Her very Judges wrung their Hands for Pity;
 Their old Hearts melted in 'em as she spoke,
 And Tears ran down upon their silver Beards.
 Ev'n I my self was mov'd, and for a moment
 Felt Wrath suspended in my doubtful Breast,
 And question'd if the Voice I heard was mortal.
 But when her Tale was done, what loud Applause
 Like Bursts of Thunder shook the spacious Hall!
 At last, when, sore constrain'd, th' unwilling Lords
 Pronounc'd the fatal Sentence on her Life;
 A Peal of Groans ran thro the crouded Court,
 As every Heart were broken, and the Doom,
 Like that which waits the World, were universal.

Pem. And can that sacred Form, that Angel's Voice,
 Which mov'd the Hearts of a rude ruthless Croud,
 Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now sue in vain for Pity?

Gar. Alas! you look on her with Lovers Eyes:
 I hear and see thro reasonable Organs,
 Where Passion has no Part. Come, come, my Lord,
 You have too little of the Statesman in you.

Pem. And you, my Lord, too little of the Churchman.
 Is not the sacred Purpose of our Faith
 Peace and Good-will to Man! The hallow'd Hand,
 Ordain'd to bless, shou'd know no Stain of Blood.
 'Tis true, I am not practis'd in your Politicks.
 'Twas your pernicious Counsel led the Queen
 To break her Promise with the Men of *Suffolk*,
 To violate what in a Prince should be
 Sacred above the rest, her Royal Word.

Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it; I advis'd her
 To break thro all Engagements made with Hereticks,
 And keep no Faith with such a Miferant Crew.

Pem. Where shall we seek for Truth, when ev'n Religion
The Priestly Robe and miter'd Head disclaim it?
But thus bad Men dishonour the best Cause.
I tell thee, *Winchester*, Doctrines like thine
Have stain'd our holy Church with greater Infamy
Than all your Eloquence can wipe away.
Hence 'tis, that those who differ from our Faith
Brand us with Breach of Oaths, with Persecution,
With Tyranny o'er Conscience, and proclaim
Our scarlet Prelates Men that thirst for Blood,
And Christian Rome more cruel than the Pagan.

Gar. Nay if you rail, farewell. The Queen must be
Better advis'd, than thus to cherish Vipers, [Aside]
Whose mortal Stings are arm'd against her Life.
But while I hold the Seal, no Pardons pass
For Hereticks and Traitors. [Exit Gardiner.]

Pem. 'Twas unlucky
To meet and cross upon this froward Priest:
But let me lose the Thought on't; let me haste,
Pear my glad Tidings forth in *Guilford's* Bosom,
And pay him back the Life his Friendship sav'd. [Exit]

*[The Scene drags, and discovers the Lady Jane kneeling, as at her
Devotion; a Light and a Book plac'd on a Table before her.]*

*Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, Lord Guilford, and one of
Lady Jane's Women.*

Lieut. Let me not press upon your Lordship further,
But wait your Leisure in the Antichamber.

Guil. I will not hold you long. [Exit Lieutenant.]

Wom. Softly, my Lord!
For yet behold she kneels. Before the Night
Had reach'd her middle Space, she left her Bed,
And with a pleasing sobber Cheerfulness
As for her Funeral, array'd her self

In those sad solemn Weeds. Since then, her Knee
Has known that Posture only, and her Eye,
Or fix'd upon the sacred Page before her,
Or lifted with her rising Hopes to Heaven.

Guil. See! with what Zeal those holy Hands are rear'd!
Mark her Vermilion Lip with Fervour trembling!
Her spotless Bosom swells with sacred Ardour,
And burns with Extasy and strong Devotion.
Her Supplication sweet, her faithful Vows
Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heaven,
Like Incense from the golden Censer rise:
Or blessed Angels minister unseen,
Catch the soft Sounds, and with alternate Office
Spread their Ambrosial Wings, then mount with Joy,
And waft 'em upwards to the Throne of Grace.
But she has ended, and comes forward.

[*Lady Jane rises, and comes towards the Front of the Stage.*]

L. Jane. Ha!

Art thou my *Guilford*? Wherefore dost thou come
To break the settled Quiet of my Soul?
I meant to part without another Pang,
And lay my weary Head down full of Peace.

Guil. Forgive the Fondness of my longing Soul,
That melts with Tenderness, and leans towards thee;
Tho the imperious dreadful Voice of Fate
Summon her hence, and warn her from the World.
But if to see thy *Guilford*, give thee Pain,
Wou'd I had dy'd, and never more beheld thee:
Tho my lamenting discontented Ghost
Had wander'd forth unblest by those dear Eyes,
And wail'd thy Loss in Death's eternal Shades.

L. Jane. My Heart had ended ev'ry earthly Care,
Had offer'd up its Prayers for thee and *England*,

And fix'd its Hope upon a Rock unfailing;
 While all the little Bus'ness that remain'd,
 Was but to pass the Forms of Death with Constancy,
 And leave a Life become indifferent to me.
 But thou hast waken'd other Thoughts within me:
 Thy Sight, my dearest Husband and my Lord,
 Strikes on the tender Strings of Love and Nature;
 My vanquish'd Passions rise again, and tell me
 'Tis more, far more than Death to part from thee.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Oh let me fly! bear me, thou swift Impatience,
 And lodge me in my faithful *Gaifford's* Arms; [*Embracing*]
 That I may snatch him from the greedy Grave,
 That I may warm his gentle Heart with Joy,
 And talk to him of Life, of Life and Pardon.

Gail. What means my dearest *Pembroke*?

Pem. Oh! my Speech
 Is choak'd with Words that croud to tell my Tidings:
 But I have sav'd thee, and— Oh Joy unutterable!
 The Queen, my gracious, my forgiving Mistress,
 Has given not only thee to my Request,
 But she, she too in whom alone thou liv'st,
 The Partner of thy Heart, thy Love is safe.

Gail. Millions of Blessings wait her!—Has she—tell me!
 Oh has she spar'd my Wife?

Pem. Both, both are pardon'd.
 But haste, and do thou lead me to thy Saint,
 That I may cast my self beneath her Feet,
 And beg her to accept this poor Amends
 For all I've done against her—Thou fair Excellence, [*Kneeling*]
 Can'st thou forgive the hostile Hand that arm'd
 Against thy Cause, and robb'd thee of a Crown?

L. Jane. Oh rise, my Lord, and let me take your Posture!
 Life and the World were hardly worth my Care;

But you have reconcil'd me to 'em both.
Then let me pay my Gratitude, and for
This free, this noble unexpected Mercy,
Thus low I bow to Heaven, the Queen, and You.

Pem. To me! Forbid it Goodness! If I live,
Somewhat I will do shall deserve your Thanks;
All Discord and Remembrance of Offence
shall be clean blotted out, and for your Freedom
My self have underta'en to be your Caution.
Fear me, you Saints, and aid my pious Purpose;
These that deserve so much, this wondrous Pair,
Let these be happy, ev'ry Joy attend 'em;
Fruitful Bed, a Chain of Love unbroken,
Good Old Age, to see their Childrens Children,
Holy Death, and everlasting Memory;
While I resign to them my Share of Happiness;
Contented still to wait what they enjoy,
And singly to be wretched.

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lieut. The Lord Chancellor
come with Orders from the Queen.

Enter Gardiner, and Attendants.

Pem. Ha! *Winchester!*

Gar. The Queen, whose Days be many,
By me confirms her first accorded Grace:
But as the pious Princess means her Mercy
Shou'd reach e'en to the Soul as well as Body,
By me she signifies her Royal Pleasure,
That thou, Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane;
Sho' instantly renounce, abjure your Heresy,
And yield Obedience to the See of Rome.

L. Jane. What, turn Apostate!

Guil. Ha! Forgo my Faith!

Gar.

Gar. This one Condition only seals your Pardon.
But if thro Pride of Heart and stubborn Obstinacy,
With wilful Hands you push the Blessing from you,
And shut your Eyes against such manifest Light;
Know ye, your former Sentence stands confirm'd,
And you must die to-day.

Pem. 'Tis false as Hell.
The Mercy of the Queen was free and full.
Think'st thou that Princes merchandize their Graces,
As Roman Priests their Pardons? Do they barter,
Skrew up like you the Buyer to a Price,
And doubly sell what was design'd a Gift?

Gar. My Lord, this Language ill beseems your Nobleness.
Nor come I here to bandy Words with Madmen:
Behold the Royal Signet of the Queen,
Which amply speaks her Meaning. You, the Pris'ners,
Have heard at large its Purport, and must instantly
Resolve upon the Choice of Life or Death.

Pem. Curse on——But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the Queen this moment, and there know
What 'tis this mischief-making Priest intends. [Exit.]

Gar. Your Wisdom points you out a proper Course.
A Word with you, Lieutenant. [Talks with Lieut. aside.]

Guil. Must we part then?
Where are those Hopes that flatter'd us but now?
Those Joys, that like the Spring with all its Flowers,
Pour'd out their Pleasures ev'ry where around us?
In one poor Minute gone, at once they wither'd,
And left their Place all desolate behind 'em.

L. Jane. Such is this foolish World, and such the Certainty
Of all the boasted Blessings it bestows:
Then, *Guilford*, let us have no more to do with it;
Think only how to leave it as we ought,
But trust no more, and be deceiv'd no more.

Guil. Yes, I will copy thy Divine Example,
and tread the Paths are pointed out by thee:
by thee instructed, to the fatal Block
bend my Head with Joy, and think it Happiness
to give my Life a Ransom for my Faith.
From thee, thou Angel of my Heart, I learn
that greatest, hardest Task, to part with thee.

L. Jane. Oh gloriously resolv'd! Heaven is my Witness,
My Heart rejoices in thee more ev'n now,
Thus Constant as thou art in Death, thus Faithful,
Than when the holy Priest first join'd our Hands,
And knit the sacred Knot of Bridal Love.

Gar. The Day wears fast; Lord *Guilford*, have you thought?
Will you lay hold on Life?

Guil. What are the Terms?

Gar. Death or the Mass attend you.

Guil. 'Tis determin'd;

Lead to the Scaffold.

Gar. Bear him to his Fate.

Guil. Oh let me fold thee once more in my Arms,
Thou dearest Treasure of my Heart, and print
A dying Husband's Kiss upon thy Lip!
Shall we not live again, ev'n in these Forms?
Shall I not gaze upon thee with these Eyes?

L. Jane. O wherefore dost thou sooth me with thy Softness?
Why dost thou wind thy self about my Heart,
And make this Separation painful to us?
Here break we off at once; and let us now,
Forgetting Ceremony, like two Friends
That have a little Bus'ness to be done,
Take a short Leave, and haste to meet again.

Guil. Rest on that Hope, my Soul—my Wife—

L. Jane. No more.

Guil. My Sight hangs on thee—Oh support me, Heav'n,
In this last Pang—and let us meet in Bliss.

[*Guilford* is led off by the Guards.

L. Jane.

L. Jane. Can Nature bear this Stroke?—

Wom. Alas! she faints—

[Supporting]

L. Jane. Wou't thou fail now!—the killing Stroke is past,
And all the Bitterness of Death is over.

Gar. Here let the dreadful Hand of Vengeance stay;
Have pity on your Youth and blooming Beauty;
Cast not away the Good which Heaven bestows;
Time may have many Years in store for you,
All crown'd with fair Prosperity: Your Husband
Has perish'd in Perverseness.

L. Jane. Cease, thou Raven;
Nor violate with thy profaner Malice
My bleeding *Guilford's* Ghost—'tis gone, 'tis flown;
But lingers on the wing, and waits for me.

[The Scene draws, and discovers a Scaffold hung with Black
Executioner and Guards.]

And see my Journey's End!

1 Wom. My dearest Lady.

[Weeping]

2 Wom. Oh Misery!

L. Jane. Forbear, my gentle Maids,
Nor wound my Peace with fruitless Lamentations:
The good and gracious Hand of Providence
Shall raise you better Friends than I have been.

1 Wom. Oh never! never!—

L. Jane. Help to disarray,
And fit me for the Block: Do this last Service,
And do it chearfully. Now you will see
Your poor unhappy Mistress sleep in Peace,
And cease from all her Sorrows. These few Trifles,
The Pledges of a dying Mistress' Love,
Receive and share among you. Thou, *Maria*, [To *1 Wom.*
Hast been my old, my very faithful Servant;
In dear Remembrance of thy Love, I leave thee
This Book, the Law of Everlasting Truth:
Make it thy Treasure still, 'twas my Support
When all Help else forsook me.

Lady JANE GRAY.

69

Far. Will you yet, for save your precious Life?
 bent, be wise, and save your precious Life?

Jane. Oh Winchester I, has Learning taught thee that,
 barter Truth for Life?

Far. Mistaken Folly!
 in toil and travail for your own Perdition,
 and die for damned Errors.

Jane. Who judge rightly,
 who persist in Error, will be known,
 when we meet again. Once more farewell; [To her Room]

Godness be ever with you. When I'm dead,
 great they do no rude dishonest Wrong
 my cold headless Corse; but see it shrouded,
 and decent laid in Earth.

Far. Wou't thou then die?
 y Blood be on thy Head.

Jane. My Blood be where it falls, let the Earth hide it,
 may it never rise, or call for Vengeance:

that it were the last shall fall a Victim
 Zeal's inhuman Wrath! Thou gracious Heaven,
 ar and defend at length thy suff'ring People.

rise up a Monarch of the Royal Blood,
 ve, Pious, Equitable, Wise, and Good:
 thy due Season let the Hero come,

save thy Altars from the Rage of Rome:
 ng let him reign, to bless the rescu'd Land,
 deal out Justice with a righteous Hand.

and when he fails, Oh may he leave a Son,
 with equal Vertues to adorn his Throne:
 latest Times the Blessing to convey,

guard that Faith for which I die to-day.
 [Lady Jane goes up to the Scaffold, the Scene closes.]



Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Horror on Horror! blasted be the Hand
 at struck my Guilford! Oh! his bleeding Trunk
 K

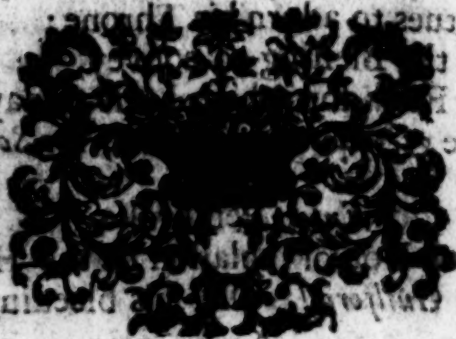
Shall

Shall live in these distracted Eyes for ever.
Curse on thy fatal Arts, thy cruel Counsels;
The Queen is dear and pitious as thou art.

Gar. The just Reward of Heresy and Treason
Is fal'n upon 'em both for their vain Obstinacy,
Untimely Death with Infamy on Earth,
And everlasting Punishment hereafter.

Per. And canst thou tell? Who gave thee to explore
The Secret Purposes of Heaven, or taught thee
To let a Bound to Mercy unconfine'd?
But know, thou proud perversly-judging Wretch,
Howe'er your hard imperious Censures doom,
And portion out our Lot in Worlds to come;
Those, who with honest Hearts pursue the Right,
And follow faithfully Truth's Sacred Light,
Thou suffering here, shall from their Sorrows cease,
Rest with the Saints, and dwell in endless Peace.

F I N I S



EPITAPH:

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

THE Palms of Virtue Heroes oft have worn,
Those Wreaths, to-night, a Female Brow adorn.
The Destin'd Saint, unfortunately Brave,
Sunk with those Altars which she strove to save.
Greatly she dar'd to prop the Juster Side,
As greatly with her adverse Fate comply'd,
Did all that Heav'n cou'd ask, Resign'd and Dy'd.
Dy'd for the Land for which she wish'd to Live,
And gain'd that Liberty she could not give.
Oh! Happy People! of this Fav'rite Isle,
On whom so many better Angels smile.
For you, kind Heav'n new Blessings still supplies,
Bids other Saints and other Guardians rise.
For you the Fairest of her Sex is come,
Adopts our Britain, and forgets her Home.
For Truth and you, the Heroine declines
Austria's Proud Eagles and the Indian Mines.
What Sense of such a Bounty can be shown!
But Heav'n must make the vast Reward its own,
And Stars shall join to form her future Crown.
Your Gratitude with ease may be express'd;
Strive but to be, what she won'd make you, Bless'd.
Let no vile Faction vex the vulgar Ear
With fond Surmise, and false affected Fear.
Confirm but to your selves the given Good,
'Tis all She asks, for all She has bestow'd.
Such was our great Example shown to-day,
And with such Thanks our Author's Pains repay.
If from these Scenes, to guard your Rights you learn,
If for your Laws to shew a just Concern,
If you are taught to dread a Popish Reign,
Our Beauteous Patriot has not dy'd in vain.

A PROLOGUE to Lady JANE GREY sent by
an Unknown Hand.

WHEN waking Terrors strike the guilty Dream,
And fatal Visions break the Murderer's Rest;

When Vengeance does Ambition's Fate decree,
And Tyrants bleed to set whole Nations free;
The Muse salutes each distressed State,
Unmov'd is every Breast, and every Pulse serene;
The mournful Lines no tender Heart subdue,
Compassion is to suffering Goodness due;
The Poet your Attention begs once more,
T'atone for Characters here drawn before:
No Royal Mistress fights through ev'ry Page,
And breathes her dying Sorrow on the Stage;
No lovely Fair by soft Persuasion won,
Lays down the Load of Life, when Honour's gone.

Nobly to bear the Changes of our State,

To stand unmov'd against the Storms of Fate,

A brave Contempt of Life, and Gracious Fate,

Such glorious Toils a Female Name can bear,

Our Author draws not Beauty's heavenly Smile,

T'invite our Wishes, and our Hearts beguile.

No soft Enchantments languish in her Eye,

No Blossoms fade, nor stinking Roses die:

A nobler Passion ev'ry Breast must move,

Than youthful Raptures, or the Fire of Love;

A Mind unchang'd, superior to a Crown,

Bravely defies the angry Tyrant's Frown;

The same, if Fortune falls, or rises, let him high,

Or if the World's extended Arms lie low;

With generous Scorn she lays the Scepter down,

Great Souls shine brightest by Misfortunes shown;

With patient Courage she sustains the Blow,

And triumphs o'er Variety of Woe.

Through ev'ry Scene the sad Distress is new;

How well figur'd Life does represent the true!

Unhappy Age! who views the bloody Scene,

But weeps with Tears record Maria's Reign?

When Zeal, by Doctrine fasten'd, leads the way,

Instructed by Religion's Voice, we kill

The British Fair! lament in silent Woe,

Let ev'ry Eye with tender Pity glow;

The lovely Form through falling Drops will seem

Like flow'ry Shadows on the silver Stream,

Thus Beauty, Heaven's fairest Ornament, shall prove

Enrich'd by Virtue, as the Sun by Love;

Forget your Charms, fond Woman's dearest Delight,

The Poet will languish here another Night.

No Conquest from dissembling Dolls we fear,

She only kills, who wounds us with a Tear.